Glamour-Boy Bullitt *by Bruce Minton*

NEW MASSES

FIFTEEN CENTS

October 29, 1940

FDR: No Lesser Evil

What Every Voter Should Know

by A. B. MAGIL

Earl Browder

What John Reed Means Today

Simon W. Gerson

The Trial of the Forty-Three

Joseph Starobin

Why the War Swings Southeast

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Between Ourselves

If You Were There . . .

WE WISH all of you could have been there. We wish every one of our readers could have been present in person at the great *New Masses* meeting last Sunday which honored the twentieth anniversary of the death of John Reed. The five thousand who did manage to get into Manhattan Center will be talking about it for weeks. Here was the grand tradition of John Reed alive and vibrant in a new time of war and crisis. From the speakers: Art Young, Mike Gold, Earl Browder, Corliss Lamont, Ruth McKenney; from the American People's Chorus singing a section of Marc Blitzstein's new opera, *No for an Answer;* from the warm and enthusiastic audience came palpable proof that the ideas for which John Reed lived and died are indestructible. Read Earl Browder's speech in this issue and Art Young's next week, and you'll get something of the spirit of the meeting.

That meeting was a tribute not alone to John Reed, but to John Reed's magazine, *New Masses,* which continues his work. Today we need your help to carry on. John Reed drew his strength from the people, and it is from the people, from the thousands of our readers and friends that we must draw strength to keep our banner flying. Four weeks ago we appealed to you to raise a desperately needed $6,000 to enable *New Masses* to live. A total of $2,517 has thus far been received, of which $877 was contributed by last Sunday's audience in response to Ruth McKenney's fine appeal. This is only one-third of what we must have. Believe us, we know how tough it is and how many demands are made on your meagre funds. But life would be a great deal tougher without *New Masses,* as Bill Gropper has indicated in this issue. The fight for peace, for civil liberties, for a better world—your fight—cannot do without this magazine. We know that you who are the heirs and guardians of the great tradition of John Reed will not fail.

The Editors.

(Please turn to page 31)

THE editors of NM are happy to announce that beginning with this issue Bruce Minton returns to our board of editors. Long associated with the weekly NM, he took leave of absence to work on the book, *The Fat Years and the Lean,* which he and John Stuart finished this year. That book is now safely in the libraries of thousands of our readers, and Mr. Minton is back again at his desk. We mark his return with the publication in this issue of his study of the strange life of William Bullitt.

It's autumn, and NM editors, like the farmers they are, are taking in the harvest. Projects we labored on all summer are now bearing fruit. We are especially happy to get the NM poll under way and we are glad it is Simon Gerson who is taking it. And more than that: Bruce Minton is only beginning his work for us with the current issue. Wait till you see some of the other articles he is preparing. And Alter Brody has an extremely important article waiting for publication; Alvah Bessie will give you the most penetrating review you will read of Hemingway's new book; Joshua Kunitz's articles on the USSR bring stacks of letters; Art Young's words on John Reed; next week Ruth McKenney will discuss her favorite candidates for President and Vice President, Browder and Ford, and, well, we could go on for hours, but we won't. Just get your subscription and save us a lot of space.

Who's Who

SIMON W. GERSON was formerly confidential examiner in the office of Borough President Stanley Isaacs. He is now on "tour of the country reporting NM." . . . Joshua Kunitz is author of *Dawn Over Samarkand.* . . . William Blake is author of *An American Looks at Karl Marx* and two novels, *The World Is Mine* and *The Painter and the Lady,* and has recently completed another novel dealing with the Civil War. . . . Millicent Lang is a graduate student specializing in contemporary literature, and a frequent contributor of reviews to NM. . . . Frank Wallace is an economist. . . . Ralph Ellison is a young Negro writer, the author of many short stories, reviews, and articles. . . . Genevieve Taggard is author of several volumes of verse and a biography of Emily Dickinson. She compiled and edited *May Days,* an anthology of verse from the old *Masses* and *Liberator.*

This Week

NEW MASSES, VOL. XXXVII, NO. 6

October 29, 1940

President Roosevelt: No Lesser Evil *by A. B. Magil* . . 3
Ode in Time of Crisis *by Genevieve Taggard* 6
What John Reed Found *by Earl Browder* 7
USSR: The New New World *by Joshua Kunitz* . . . 8
Justice in the Steel Country *by Simon W. Gerson* . . 11
The Education of Ambassador Bullitt *by Bruce Minton* . 13
The War in the Southeast *by Joseph Starobin* 17
Gropper's Cartoon 18
The Irrationals *by Samuel Sillen* 20
Editorial Comment 23
Readers' Forum 25

REVIEW AND COMMENT

"The President Makers" *by William Blake* 26
Modern Fables *by Millicent Lang* 26
Whose Pocketbook? *by Frank J. Wallace* 27
Austrian Fascism *by O. T. K. Ring* 27
Southern Folklore *by Ralph Ellison* 28

SIGHTS AND SOUNDS

Chaplin's Greatest Picture *by Daniel Todd* 29
Art work by Jamison, Soriano, Heliker.

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20

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NEW MASSES

VOLUME XXXVII OCTOBER 29, 1940 NUMBER 6

President Roosevelt: No Lesser Evil

The squire of Hyde Park has made the full turn. Blue Eagle to New Deal to warmonger No. 1. A. B. Magil evaluates the eight big years. First of two articles.

ORDINARILY it would hardly be news that the son of a President of the United States defends his father's administration. But when Elliott Roosevelt arose at the Texas Democratic state convention and "spoke in defense of the spending, labor and defense policies of the administration of his father" (New York *Times,* September 11), it was most significant news. Only little more than a year ago young Elliott, now serving his country behind a front-line desk, was in the habit of embarrassing papa by lambasting his policies, particularly those relating to relief expenditures and labor, over the air and in the press. This maverick who had strayed from the Roosevelt pasture to the fatter fields of Hearst was quite openly aligned with Vice-President Garner and the other anti-New Deal Democrats, bitterly opposed to a third term. His was a raucous reactionism which dispensed with Hyde Park refinements and resolved all problems with Chamber of Commerce shibboleths. What has happened? Has the ugly duckling become a swan? An examination of this particular ugly duckling discloses no such metamorphosis. In this case it is not the son who has been reconciled to the father, but the father who has been reconciled to the son. The speech of Elliott Roosevelt was symbolic of the fact that today Franklin D. Roosevelt and the cohorts of big business share the same anti-New Deal platform.

Nearly eight years have passed since this Franklin D. Roosevelt announced to a stricken country that the money-changers had fled the temple and the temple would be restored to its ancient prophets. We need to recall those years, to unreel them in order that we may see them once more within the ebb and flow of the social forces that determined their movement and meaning. In this and a subsequent article I propose to examine briefly the record of the New Deal and evaluate it against the background of the crisis of an entire system. A little over two years ago, in a series of articles on the Roosevelt administration in NEW MASSES, I wrote:

> The New Deal has from its inception been a battleground on which the progressive and reactionary forces have contended for mastery. President Roosevelt's aim throughout has been to reconcile these conflicting interests and to achieve some compromise that would constitute a middle course. However, far from being a consistent whole, the New Deal has gone through two distinct phases of development and has attempted two distinct types of compromise. In the first phase, dating from March 1933 to approximately the spring of 1935, big business, directly or indirectly, exercised the preponderant influence on New Deal policy; in the second, from 1935 to the present day, its direction has been increasingly determined by the labor and progressive forces of the country. In neither period has the New Deal been consistently progressive or consistently reactionary; in 1933-35, however, the center of gravity in the New Deal compromise lay, on the whole, despite good intentions, on the side of reaction; in the present period it has shifted, despite frequent waverings, to the side of progress.

This was written in July 1938. Since then a third phase has supervened. With the outbreak of the European war in September 1939 the Roosevelt administration swerved sharply to the right. But this is no mere repetition of 1933-35. Capitalist war is an inexorable master. Those who enter its service must bow to its will. The money changers not only are back in the temple, but they have converted it into an arsenal, trampling under foot the whole glittering promise of the New Deal. War economy is today President of the United States. It is its own Congress and Supreme Court. And the American people are being asked on November 5 to go through the motions of ratifying an indefinite term for war economy by electing either of two men pledged to wear its livery. We are as yet tasting only the initial fruits of this "new order of things," but they are a portent of what may be expected after November 5 unless the vast potential power of the people is organized to check the thrust toward war and fascism.

A SICK SYSTEM

President Roosevelt took office in March 1933 as the leader of a very sick capitalist system. The Republican family doctor had bungled; this new specialist was called in to revive the system's failing powers. Only a little over a month before, Adolph Hitler had been installed by German big business as chancellor of the Reich. It was in Germany and the United States, the two most highly developed capitalist countries, that the economic crisis raged most furiously. It was in these two countries that it produced the most serious social repercussions. And it was in these two that the capitalist class sought drastic political solutions. Recall the America of 1930-33: hunger marches of the unemployed, farm strikes and forcible resistance to foreclosure sales, the bonus march with its bloody climax at Anacostia Flats, the turning of growing numbers of professionals, intellectuals, and students to the left, many Americans beginning to question the fundamentals of the existing order—all these, together with the sharp decline in production and profits, were giving our lords of creation a bad case of the jitters. Many of them thought the revolution was around the corner. In Germany, where the forces of social revolution were much stronger and the reserves of capitalism weaker, the economic overlords turned to open fascist dictatorship; in the United States they turned to the New Deal. But the conception of the American Thyssens and Krupps of the kind of government that America needed did not differ greatly from the ideas of their German brethren. Here too the ruling class resorted to violence to crush popular protest. And here too they sought a new political dispensation along totalitarian lines.

In October 1931 a committee of the United States Chamber of Commerce issued a report calling for modification of the anti-trust laws, control of production, a national economic council, unemployment insurance and old age pensions, and shorter hours in industry. At the same time the monopolies and their spokesmen began to yearn vocally for a "strong government" at Washington, for putting the Constitution "on a shelf," as Alfred E. Smith, later one of the Paul Reveres of the Liberty League, phrased it; for a Mussolini, as was patriotically urged on the Senate floor by Sen. David Reed of Pennsylvania, a Mellon man who subsequently also became a Liberty League luminary. Such was the atmosphere in which the 1932 election campaign took place.

Two mutually antagonistic sections of the population looked to Franklin D. Roosevelt for salvation: the monarchs of monopoly exemplified by such men as the du Ponts, Owen D. Young of Morgan's General Electric, and William Randolph Hearst, and the majority of the common folk of the country who were in revolt against the hunger policies of Hoover. Each group sought its own kind of new deal. Under Hoover the gulf between the two had widened. The problem of big business was to bridge this gulf, to unite the people behind its program. One mechanism for achieving this was the incipient fascism of Huey Long and Father Coughlin; the other and far more important was the incipient fascism of the New Deal. Significantly, both Long and Coughlin clamorously supported the New Deal in this initial stage.

During the election campaign Roosevelt distributed his promises generously to both

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the people and the plutocracy. To the one he promised as the "final objective of my policy which is more vital and more basic than all else" restoration of purchasing power (speech at Boston, Oct. 31, 1932); to the other, an intensification of the ruthless deflationary policies of Hoover by reducing federal expenditures 25 percent, and "a form of [business] organization which will bring the scheme of things into balance, even though it may in some measure qualify the freedom of action of individual units within the business" (speech at San Francisco, Sept. 23, 1932). Obviously, whatever his intentions—and they may have been of the best—when Franklin D. Roosevelt took office, he could not keep both sets of contradictory promises.

It should never be forgotten that through all the shifts and variations in New Deal policy, President Roosevelt has always had as his principal objective the preservation of capitalism in America and throughout the world. Necessarily, this has made him the captive of capitalist forces and limited the extent to which he has been willing to depart from the course desired by the dominant business groups. This has made it inevitable that in any serious crisis in which the very life of the system was at stake, as in 1933 and 1939, Franklin D. Roosevelt should succumb to the pressure of the economic royalists. True, big business would undoubtedly prefer someone in the White House who was temperamentally less volatile; but such differences as continue to exist are secondary and concern chiefly method and tactics.

In the strange "unity of opposites" which constituted the first New Deal the liberals proposed and the reactionaries disposed. Certain small concessions had to be made to the people such as the liberalization of relief and the payment of benefits to the farmers (mainly to those who needed them least), but these relatively progressive measures were subordinated to the dominant reactionary trend. In fact, it was these features of the early New Deal which served to conceal the real nature of the big business program and make it more palatable to the people. Certain it is that the President's first act after the emergency bank measures, his message to Congress requesting the passage of legislation reducing veterans' benefits and the salaries of government employees by about one billion dollars, was a rather curious way of inaugurating a crusade against the money-changers.

No less curious was the National Industrial Recovery Act. The ultimate touchstone of any government is its attitude toward monopoly and toward labor. Under Socialism labor is in power and private monopoly becomes public monopoly, owned and operated by society as a whole. Under capitalism in its imperialist epoch—that is, from about the end of the nineteenth century—private monopoly increasingly swallows up production and distribution. And increasingly it seeks to subjugate labor and remove all political obstacles to its complete domination. The fascist dictatorship is merely the consummation of this universal capitalist trend. It differs from so-called democratic capitalism only *relatively*.

In the changes of the Roosevelt administration's attitude toward monopoly and labor may be traced the changing character of the three phases of the New Deal. The National Industrial Recovery Act embodied, save for the collective bargaining section, the principal proposals which the Chamber of Commerce and other Wall Street spokesmen had made in 1931 and 1932. Yet many liberals and Socialists were so intrigued by some of the secondary progressive features of the New Deal and by the aura of social idealism with which it was invested that they hailed it as a "peaceful revolution"—just as today they exalt measures which restrict democratic rights in the interest of war economy and war profits as "defense of democracy." In those honeymoon days of the New Deal the Communists alone among political groups pointed out that the bride would bear ugly offspring.

PRIVATE CORPORATIONS

Under the NIRA, legislative power for the first time in the history of the country was handed over by Congress, not to the President, as appeared on the surface, but to private corporations. As John T. Flynn points out in his book, *Country Squire in the White House* (Doubleday, Doran, $1), not only did the corporations enact laws, "but they united in themselves the executive power to enforce compliance, vested with police power." In the five-volume *Public Papers and Addresses of Franklin D. Roosevelt,* though he attempts to defend the NIRA, the President himself admits that out of 557 basic codes and 189 supplementary codes approved by the National Recovery Administration, there was labor representation on only thirty-seven code authorities and consumer representation on three. The editors of the conservative London *Economist,* in their little book, *The New Deal: An Analysis and Appraisal,* published in 1936, wrote:

> In the process of code-making the employers predominated. Where there were strong labor organizations already in existence in the industry, labor exercised considerable influence, but not elsewhere. The interest of the consumer or the public interest in general received very little attention. The mass of supplementary law which was thus created in a few months was, accordingly, in the main written by the industrialists themselves.

The NIRA represented, in fact, the most formidable attempt to establish fascist controls that had been made in this country since the World War. As for wage rates, the AFL, whose leadership enthusiastically supported the NIRA, reported in January 1934: "In wages there have been definite gains under codes for the lowest wage groups; but workers of average or higher wages have been forced to a lower living standard." Moreover, rising prices tended to nullify such wage increases as were granted.

The same tendencies appeared in the labor policy of this first phase of the Roosevelt administration. Section 7-A, presumably guaranteeing the right to organize and bargain collectively, was hailed by the AFL leaders as a new magna carta for labor. But the employers interpreted Section 7-A in their own way; with the Johnson-Richberg group in control of the NRA apparatus and a President eager to please, the employers' way became the government way. Roosevelt hoped to appease capital with the substance and labor with the shadow. He miscalculated badly in regard to both. And the NIRA, which was conceived as a gigantic scheme of class collaboration, actually helped sharpen class tensions and accelerated the whole process of social and political realignment. The employers took advantage of Section 7-A to launch the greatest company union drive in the history of the country. Labor, balked in its efforts to organize and bargain collectively, turned to strike action, only to have it repeatedly shortcircuited by the NRA labor boards and the President himself, working in collusion with the AFL bureaucracy. Roosevelt intervention in disputes in three of the most important mass production industries, auto, steel and textile, proved disastrous for labor. The great textile strike of September 1934 was betrayed when victory was within the grasp of the workers. The steel workers were cajoled into abandoning strike plans in return for the establishment of a Steel Labor Relations Board which did nothing about their grievances while the companies proceeded to exterminate union organization. The auto workers were saddled with the infamous settlement of March 25, 1934, which the President glowingly described as charting "a new course in social engineering." This new course in social engineering consisted of "works councils," in which the company unions were placed on an equal footing with the bona fide unions, and an anti-union Automobile Labor Board (its AFL representative was later found to be a member of the Black Legion). In addition to Roosevelt, Gen. Hugh Johnson, who told the Nye munitions investigating committee that "the NRA had grown out of the plans developed by the War Department for the conduct of a future war," was busy on many fronts, cracking down on labor and on unpatriotic tailors who pressed pants for a nickel under the code rate. In the San Francisco general strike Johnson directly incited violence with a speech in which he said: "If the federal government did not act, the people would act, and it would act to wipe out this subversive element as you clean off a chalk mark on a blackboard with a wet sponge."

WRONG DIAGNOSES

Other sections of the population were likewise in ferment. Failure of the New Deal to fulfill its promises led to the growth of movements embodying various utopian proposals such as the Townsend movement and Upton Sinclair's Epic. At the same time Huey Long's Share-Our-Wealth Clubs and Father Coughlin's National Union for Social Justice

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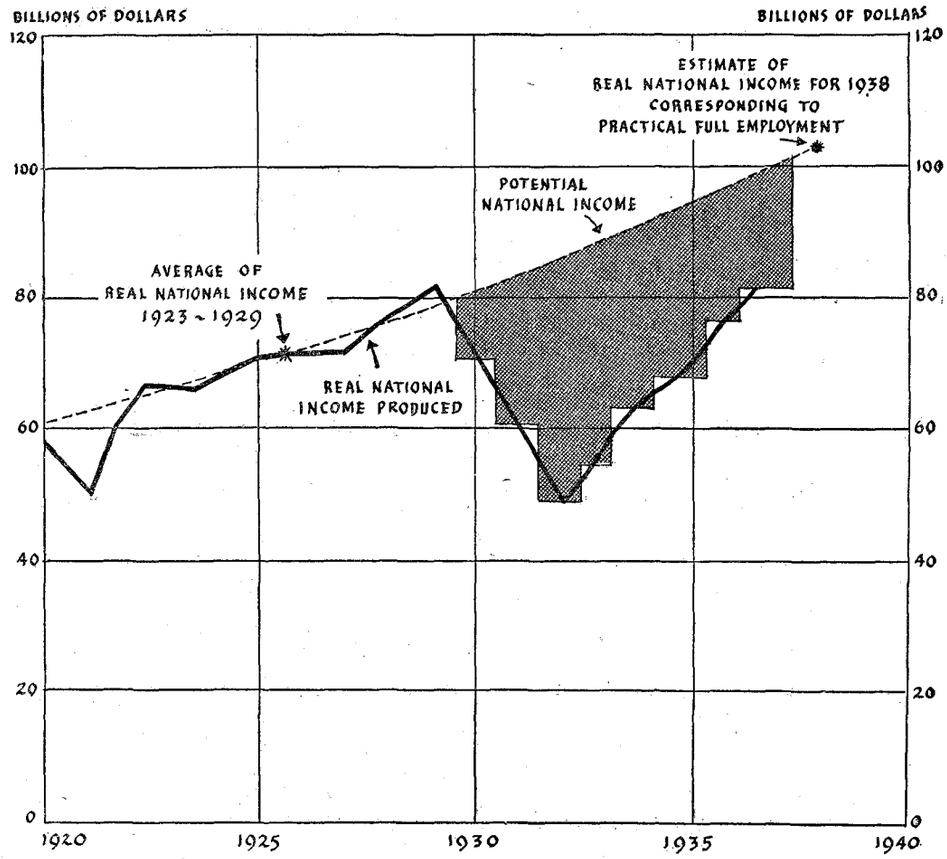
sprang up in an effort to direct popular discontent into outright fascist channels. All of these movements made wrong diagnoses and gave the wrong prescriptions, but they pointed to fundamental maladies of our system.

In agriculture the more abundant life of the New Deal found expression in a policy of artificial scarcity. At Topeka, Kan., on Sept. 14, 1932, Candidate Roosevelt denounced the Hoover Farm Board because it had "invented the cruel joke of advising farmers to allow 20 percent of their wheat lands to lie idle, to plow up every third row of cotton, and to shoot every tenth dairy cow." In April 1933 this "cruel joke," at the request of President Roosevelt, became law—the Agricultural Adjustment Act.

CROP RESTRICTION

The principle of crop restriction embodied in the AAA cannot be regarded as other than socially reactionary. Few phenomena so eloquently attest that capitalism has outlived its usefulness as the fact that at a time when millions were hungry, capitalist governments —ours was by no means the only one—could think of no better solution for the agricultural crisis than the curtailment and even the destruction of crops. The historic justification of capitalism and the measure of its superiority over feudalism was the fact that it enormously developed the productive forces of society. The historic indictment of capitalism and the measure of its inferiority to Socialism is the fact that today, both in industry and agriculture, it restricts the development of the productive forces save in those industries which produce for the last new "market" —war.

The central aim of AAA crop reduction and market regulation was and is the achievement of so-called parity prices, that is, restoration of the relationship between farm and industrial prices that existed in 1909-14. This is a laudable aim though by itself it would by no means solve the chronic agricultural crisis. There were two ways of approach to this problem. Either the administration could take measures to compel the food monopolies and various middle-men to pay the farmer more for his products without raising the cost to the consumer, or it could force up farm prices at the expense of the consumer. The administration chose the latter. Farm prices were lifted by restricting production and the devaluation of the dollar; at the same time the retail cost of food rose so that by the beginning of 1936 it was 41 percent higher than in April 1933. Yet despite these measures, parity prices have never been achieved. In April of this year, prior to the further drop in farm prices as a result of the spread of the European war, wheat was 25 percent below parity; corn, 40 percent; cotton, 37 percent; apples, 31 percent; and flue-cured tobacco, 37 percent. As for farm income, a far better index of the status of the farmers, a government agricultural economist some months ago testified before the Temporary National Economic Committee (monopoly committee) that farm income is 45 percent below parity.



A GRAPHIC INDICTMENT OF CAPITALISM. *Study the chart carefully and look hard at the gray area. It means that the people of this country were deprived of a potential income of 200 billions (in 1929 dollars) from 1930 to 1937 because of unemployment of both men and machines. The chart is based on one issued by the National Resources Committee, a government agency, in its study of the structure of American economy.*

The New Deal established the important positive principle of cash benefits to the farmers. But these benefits were conditioned on compliance with an anti-social crop limitation program; they were financed through processing taxes paid by the consumers; the bulk of them went to the well-to-do and a section of the middle farmers (millions of dollars have been paid to banks and insurance companies that own land); and the removal of soil from production served to drive many thousands of tenant farmers and sharecroppers off the land. The same basic concern for the interests of the monopolies and the wealthy farmers has guided administration policy in refinancing farm mortgages. Whatever benefits accrued to the debt-ridden farmers were merely incidental to the major objective: bailing out the banks and mortgage companies. Only one-third of the farms mortgaged have had their interest rate slightly reduced and no serious effort has been made to halt evictions. In the first seven years of the New Deal about 1,200,000 farmers lost their homesteads through foreclosures. The old role of the flint-hearted landlord too often is played by the government itself whose agencies are now the largest holders of farm mortgages.

But there came a second phase of the New Deal, and once more hope flared up. Three factors were chiefly responsible for transforming the New Deal from a vehicle of the Wall Street advance toward fascism into an instrument through which the majority of the people were able for a time to achieve a real if limited expression of their interests:

1. The partial and uneven character of capitalist recovery which caused big business to grow increasingly impatient with New Deal measures. This was particularly true since these measures, instead of establishing class peace through the subjugation of labor, inadvertently had the effect of stimulating labor militancy and organization.

2. The political awakening of the American people, especially the growing strength and independence of labor marked by the emergence in the fall of 1935 of the CIO.

3. The development of the offensive of fascism on a world scale, together with the spread of democratic resistance, signalized by the struggles in France and Austria in February 1934, the uprising in the Asturias in October 1934, and the establishment of the French Socialist-Communist united front in July 1934 and the People's Front one year later.

Certain it is, too, that President Roosevelt himself had to be receptive to these influences before the change could come. But this receptivity is a two-edged sword; it has also made

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Ode in Time of Crisis

Now in the fright of change when bombed towns vanish
In fountains of debris
We say to the stranger coming across the sea
Not here, not here, go elsewhere!
Here we keep
Bars up. Wall out the danger, tightly seal
The ports, the intake from the alien world we fear.

It is a time of many errors now.
And this the error of children when they feel
But cannot say their terror. To shut off the stream
In which we moved and still move, if we move.
The alien is the nation, nothing more nor less.
How set ourselves at variance to prove
The alien is not the nation. And so end the dream.
Forbid our deep resource from whence we came,
And the very seed of greatness.

This is to do
Something like suicide; to choose
Sterility—forget the secret of our past
Which like a magnet drew
A wealth of men and women hopeward. And now to, lose
In ignorant blindness what we might hold fast.

The fright of change, not readiness. Instead
Inside our wall we will today pursue
The man we call the alien, take his print,
Give him a taste of the thing from which he fled,
Suspicion him. And again we fail.
How shall we release his virtue, his good-will
If by such pressure we hold his life in jail?
The alien is the nation. Nothing else.
And so we fail and so we jail ourselves.
Landlocked, the stagnant stream.
So ends the dream.

O countrymen, are we working to undo
Our lusty strength, our once proud victory?
Yes, if by this fright we break our strength in two.
If we make of every man we jail the enemy.
If we make ourselves the jailer locked in jail.
Our laboring wills, our brave, too brave to fail
Remember this nation by millions believed to be
Great and of mighty forces born, and resolve to be free,
To continue and renew.

GENEVIEVE TAGGARD.

Written for the New York City Conference for Protection of Foreign Born.

him amenable to Wall Street pressure. Now for a time, when the capitalist world had reached a lull before a new storm, Roosevelt began to give ear to the true voices of democracy. But even in this period, from 1935 to 1939, he was too often disposed to compromise, to roar like a lion and act like a lamb. Yet the changes in administration policy were considerable. The NIRA was overthrown by a reactionary Supreme Court after it had outlived its usefulness for the tycoons of finance and industry; it had, in fact, become something of an impediment to more aggressive assaults on the living standards of the workers. In contrast to this ill-starred attempt to give monopoly a free hand, the second New Deal tackled the problem—very cautiously, it is true—of providing safeguards against the encroachments and abuses of the trusts. The Utility Holding Company Act passed in 1935 and the monopoly investigation launched in 1938 were among the efforts in this direction. Instead of encouraging monopolistic price-fixing as was the case under the NIRA, President Roosevelt on several occasions urged the lowering of prices *without reductions in wages*, a policy which bore fruit in the slashing of steel prices in 1938. Politically, instead of attempting to create unity *with* the monopolies (which in practice means subjecting the entire nation to their rule), the administration became for a time—though never completely breaking its ties with big business—the nucleus of a national democratic front *against* the monopolies. The fury of the Republican-Liberty League campaign against Roosevelt in 1936 and again in the Supreme Court fight indicated that larger and more fundamental issues were at stake, issues of ultimate class power which the President himself, despite bold words, sought to evade.

The labor policy of the two phases of the New Deal showed similar contrasts. The National Labor Relations Act, passed in 1935, was made into a genuine instrument of collective bargaining though it could have been sabotaged almost as easily as was Section 7-A. The work of the National Labor Relations Board was supplemented by the La Follette Civil Liberties Committee which turned a searchlight on labor espionage in industry. Instead of giving private corporations the power to fix minimum wages and maximum hours, the administration, through the passage of the Wage-Hour Act in 1938, for the first time established the principle of *federal government* regulation of wages and hours. To this period also belong the Social Security Act, the federal housing and slum clearance act, the Walsh-Healey act, and the pitifully inadequate Bankhead-Jones Farm Tenancy Act. It was in 1935, too, that the WPA work relief program was launched, out of which came not only many useful public works, but a vital federal theater, music, literature, and other cultural contributions of permanent value. Apart from the WPA program, a host of intellectuals were during this period stimulated to creative activity, nourished on the New Deal's positive achievements—and its illusions.

But the evasions and sordid compromises lurked in the background and sometimes came brusquely to the fore. President Roosevelt's curt "A plague on both their houses" during the great 1937 steel strike in which sixteen workers lost their lives in order that the profits of Little Steel might flow unimpaired, was an ominous symbol. Soon the war clouds were gathering; in the chancelleries of the capitalist world imperialism was playing the old cunning game. A new crisis of capitalism was maturing. The fundamental issues could not forever be evaded. In September 1939 Franklin D. Roosevelt made his choice.

A. B. MAGIL.

The concluding article next week will discuss the second phase of the New Deal in greater detail, as well as the third phase inaugurated by the outbreak of the European war.

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What John Reed Found

Earl Browder's tribute to a great American. The passionate partisan of a great cause. "His spirit lives . . . a thousand times more virile than that of the MacLeishes. . . ."

JOHN REED won immortality by his report of the first socialist revolution, the founding of the Soviet power, in the *Ten Days That Shook the World.*

It was not the peerless and inspired reporter, however, but the partisan of a cause, who won the heart of his generation and whose name came to symbolize the movement of the best representatives of the American intellectual world, in their break away from the old decaying world order, their espousal of the new socialist order. It is in the role of passionate partisan of socialism, of the struggle for socialism, that the memory of John Reed waxes with the passing years. He was a great pioneer on the frontier between the old and the new social systems, the death struggle between which dominates our era.

An understanding penetrating study of Reed's life, which would bring out in bold relief his lasting significance as an historical figure, has still to be written.

Born and bred in the tradition of the privileged classes, Reed had further the advantage of talent and personality to open for him the doors of all the bourgeois world has to offer. But long before he was conscious of it, he was in revolt against the inner emptiess of that world. More and more he became a seeker for something unknown, something to fill the emptiness which his world, with all its education and experience, had left in him.

Reed found what he was seeking in Petrograd, Russia, in the days of October and November of 1917, when the Soviet government was established, when the first socialist revolution began. He found it in the Party of Lenin, the Bolsheviks, the Communists, which guided that revolution.

ACQUIRED UNDERSTANDING

From the revolution and the Party of Lenin which guided it, Reed acquired a faith and an understanding which gave meaning and dignity to life, which transformed the seeking adolescent into a whole man. He immediately identified himself wholly with the revolution, with socialism, with the Party of Lenin. He became the passionate partisan of a great cause. He had found himself in something so big that he could in it completely lose himself, merge himself. He had found the road away from decay and death, toward growth and life; away from the old life that had poisoned him and his generation, into the new life of affirmation, of belief, of unlimited perspective, of the future.

That experience which John Reed shared with only a minority of his generation of Americans, is the experience through which the whole generation of today is now going.

Once again as in John Reed's day, the decaying capitalist order, the bourgeois world, has been thrown into the violent paroxysm of imperialist war. Once more a whole generation of youth is called upon to offer its lifeblood in a war without aims beyond the indefinite repetition of the past which produced this war. Once more the recruiting sergeants and conscription boards call youth to the colors to fight—for the preservation of the dead past.

Today, however, the young generation stands on the shoulders of the generation of John Reed. He could only see the birth of the new order of socialism; the present generation celebrates the glorious achievements of twenty-three years of Soviet power. He had time only for the intuitive grasp of the great vision of Lenin; the present generation has deeply absorbed the teachings and example of Lenin's giant successor, Stalin.

In John Reed's day, the American bourgeoisie was arrogantly confident of its power, of its hold on the young generation; today, the bourgeoisie is filled with a dark fear, it is vaguely conscious of its approaching doom, it knows it has lost its hold upon the youth, it struggles desperately to win the young generation again, with the blood of youth to rejuvenate itself.

WAR DRUMS

The other day I thought of John Reed as I was reading a speech, directed toward American youth by the most talented fugleman of the moribund old order, Archibald MacLeish. Beating the drums of war, this laureate of death was forced to admit, in order to combat, the deep disillusionment of the younger generation with the social order of present-day America. He identified this social order with democracy, and said: "We are wondering whether democracy in the United States has other spiritual weapons than the doubts and misgivings which ten years of depression and twenty years of skepticism provided for the men of France to fight with."

To provide those missing "spiritual weapons," MacLeish with great eloquence invokes the spirit of the Americans of the "thirties and forties of the last century," men "who had no questions about themselves." He describes them:

> The smartest, toughest, luckiest, leanest, all-around knowingest nation on God's green earth. Their way of living was the handsomest way of living human beings had ever hit. Their institutions were the institutions history had been waiting for. If you had told them anyone else had a harder hold on the earth than they did, or anyone else believed in himself more than they believed in themselves, they would have laughed in your face.

And MacLeish calls upon the present skeptical and doubting generation to gaze upon his attractive picture of the past, in order to imitate their more virile forebears.

Then MacLeish says a few words which unconsciously betray the emptiness of his whole eloquent appeal:

> That was the way it used to be in this country. That was the way it was while the people of this country were clearing the quarter-sections for a free man's fields.

Your capitalist order, Mr. MacLeish, has abolished the "free man's fields," and with them the America whose glories you sing as a war song for the present generation. In their place are the crowded and regimented cities, the great factories of mass production and super-exploitation of labor, the FBI of Mr. Hoover, the labor spy agencies, the outlawing of minority parties, book-burnings and imprisonment for possession of books, draft boards, fingerprintings and registrations, unemployment, the petty persecutions of WPA and relief bureaucrats. Restore the "free man's fields," Mr. MacLeish, and then perhaps your nostalgic dream-Americans will rise to your exhortations!

ROAD FOR AMERICA

I wonder if Mr. MacLeish ever, in the dark hours of sleepless nights, ponders over the significance of this fact, that while his poetic description of the Americans of a century-gone is widely at variance from the Americans of today, yet there are peoples to whom his words could be currently applied with full accuracy. But only in one particular area of the world. Only in the Soviet Union, among the people whose mastery of life arose from new institutions, which "history had indeed been waiting for," socialist institutions, whose rise was chronicled by John Reed in 1917, whose cause John Reed espoused as the forerunner for the present generation.

John Reed has been dead now these twenty years. But his spirit lives today in millions of young Americans. It is a thousand times more virile than that of the MacLeishes who call upon the glories of the past in order to drape the hideous rotting features of the present, to entice the hungry and seeking young generation into the bloody crusade to save a capitalism that has become monopoly and death. The MacLeishes can never restore faith, enthusiasm, passion, wholeness to the American youth. These things they will find only as they follow the tradition and example of John Reed. And that is the destined road for our America.

EARL BROWDER.

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USSR: The New New World

Joshua Kunitz describes the colossal growth of the Soviet Union. In 1938 its industry had already reached nine times that of the czars. Testimony by citizens of the Soviet.

IN ONE of those rare off-guard moments when Mr. Gedye permits his subjective resentment to yield to the pressure of objective truth, he makes the following rather startling observation:

> It is true that, whatever their present discontents, none of them [Soviet citizens] would contemplate a return to capitalism in any form among themselves and that any threat of that would doubtless unite them in resistance as nothing else would.

I confess, in view of Mr. Gedye's constant harping on the difficulties of Soviet life and the "soul destroying" effect of those difficulties on the Soviet population—queues and drabness, drabness and queues—this sweeping, unqualified admission has me completely baffled, especially when taken in conjunction with his three other major admissions quoted in my first article (NEW MASSES, October 8).

As a result of his dualism, Mr. Gedye has managed to conjure up two pictures of the Soviet Union which if taken together simply make no sense. Picture one shows us a society dominated by a spirit of real, classless comradeship, embracing all people, regardless of age, sex, race, nationality, or income, a society united in a common readiness to defend the Revolution and its socialist way of life to the utmost. Picture two shows us a society composed of human parrots and robots whose life is harsh and drab and "soul-destroying," full of "scarcity," "adversity," and "discontents."

Two mutually exclusive pictures! If it is true that life in the Socialist Republics is drab and *dispiriting,* then how explain the *spirited* Soviet children and the admittedly fine Soviet *"spirit* of real, classless comradeship"? If it is true that "chronic" difficulties make life under the Soviets harsh and soul-destroying, then how explain the undisputed fact (mark Mr. Gedye's "It is true . . . doubtless") that after twenty-three years of this unrelieved socialist horror *no* Soviet citizen would contemplate a return to capitalism, and that any threat of such a return would "doubtless" unite all Soviet citizens in resistance "as nothing else would"?

I repeat, this makes absolutely no sense. One of these pictures has to be revised or totally rejected—it cannot possibly be authentic.

Now there is no valid reason to doubt the authenticity of picture one, since Mr. Gedye, after leaving the Soviet Union in utter disgust, was scarcely prone to throw bouquets at the object of his disgust. Whatever favorable observations Mr. Gedye makes may therefore be accepted, except that, under the circumstances, some corrective might be allowed for an unfriendly critic's natural tendency to understate the virtues of the Soviet Union.

Obviously, it is picture two that can stand some re-examination. The direction of the re-examination has already been suggested in my previous article where, the reader will recall, I took up a specific Soviet difficulty reported by Mr. Gedye—the chronic shortage of paper and the interminable queues at newsstands. Not only did I admit the difficulty, but I even added, from my own experience, a number of details that made the shortage appear graver than one might have gathered from Mr. Gedye. However, instead of stopping where Mr. Gedye stopped, I proceeded a bit further, placing this difficulty in its historic and social context, and examining it against the general background of the spread of Soviet education and the prodigious rise in the production and consumption of paper. Seen thus, this negative phenomenon in Soviet life took on unexpectedly cheering aspects and a queue at a newsstand, rather than just a drab sight, became the bright symbol of problems solved, obstacles overcome, and the promise of further progress.

The Soviet Union produces more than seventeen times as many newspapers, eight times as many books, thirty times as many technical and agricultural studies as did czarist Russia. Czarist Russia had no shortages in any of these items. The Soviet Union has.

The same is true of universities. The Soviet Union has almost seven and a half times as many universities as had czarist Russia, yet even that is not enough to accommodate all the new applicants for university entrance—there is a university "shortage."

The same is true of primary and secondary schools—despite the scores of thousands of new schools, and despite the fact that they already accommodate four times as many students as did czarist Russia. There is a very definite school "shortage."

The same is true of theaters, which are always crowded and in front of which one can often see enormous lines. In 1914, czarist Russia boasted of 153 theaters. In 1939 the Soviet Union had 787 theaters, 265 of which were in large collective and state farm centers. But even so, there is a theater "shortage."

The same is true of workers' clubs. Under the czars there were practically no workers' clubs in Russia. In 1939, the number of such clubs in the Soviet Union reached 103,700. Still there is a "shortage" of clubs.

The same is true of hospitals, clinics, maternity wards, nurseries, kindergartens, playgrounds, rest homes, sanatoria, stadiums, circulating libraries, city dwellings, etc. "Shortages"—despite the fact that in the period of the Second Five Year Plan alone state expenditures on the social and cultural needs of the country rose from a little over six billion rubles in 1933 to 30.8 billion rubles in 1937, and that expenditures during the Third Five Year period have been proportionately larger. "Shortages," despite the fact that by 1939 there were nearly three million urban children in nurseries and kindergartens, that in 1939 there were more than 77,000 circulating libraries, 750 stadia, nine thousand playgrounds, 430 centers for river sports, six thousand skiing stations; "shortages," despite the fact that during the Second Five Year Plan alone 6,807,000 workers spent their free vacations in rest homes, and 1,579,000 in sanatoria and watering places. An acute "shortage" of urban dwellings is felt throughout the country despite the fact that since 1926, colossal sums have gone into housing in all established urban centers, and that 1,323 new towns and 213 new large cities have been built.

The list can be extended indefinitely—tennis balls and rackets, bicycles, radios, phonograph records, musical instruments, tractors, combines, needles, textiles, railroads, highways, oil, automobiles, engineers, architects, physicians, teachers, barbers, waiters, domestic servants, skilled workers, textiles, shoes, and what not.

Each one of these "shortages" contains a story as fascinating and revealing as that of the paper "shortage." It would be hopeless to try to tell this stirring epic of heart-breaking hardships and glorious triumphs in the brief space of three or four magazine articles; one would need volumes. The reader must summon all the imagination he possesses and reconstruct for himself the Herculean efforts that lie behind the few random figures below.

In 1938 the total output of Soviet industry was *nine* times that of Russian industry under the czars.

In 1938 Soviet railways extended over 85,000 kilometers, i.e., a growth of 1.5 times over the czars' railways.

In 1938 the Soviet oil industry, which was completely ruined during the period of foreign intervention, produced 3.5 times as much oil, 3.7 times as much kerosene, 19.6 times as much benzine as in czarist days.

In 1913 Russia mined 29.1 million tons of coal; in 1938 the Soviet Union mined 132.9 million tons, i.e., 4.5 times as much.

In 1913 Russia mined 9.2 million tons of iron ore; in 1938 the Soviet Union mined 26.5 million tons, i.e., almost three times as much. As compared with 1913, the output of the machine building industry increased twenty-three times, the output of metal cutting lathes forty times, of Diesel motors 7.5 times, of steam boilers 8.6 times, of steam turbines 106 times, etc.

During the Second Five Year Plan alone the number of industrial workers increased by

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six million, and the rate of increase has been accelerated since. During the same period the total amount paid out in wages by Soviet industry increased in round numbers from 35 billion rubles in 1933 to 96 billion in 1938.

Significantly, the number of domestic workers (the terms "servant" and "maid" are odious to Soviet ears, and have gone out of use) has decreased to the vanishing point. Whereas before the Revolution 55 percent of all women employed were domestic servants and 25 percent worked on farms, now 88 percent of women workers are employed in industry, transport, and various social and cultural institutions. Only 1.8 percent are engaged as domestics, and these are generally old peasant women who lack the will to go into other work. The same trend is observable in all other types of work which involve personal service, and which still carry the bitter memory of tips, fawning, humiliation, and indignity. Here you have another striking example of a great positive achievement of the Revolution—the unprecedented sense of human dignity—bringing in its wake its own serious problem. For it is a serious problem when the youth of the nation refuses to fill the depleting ranks of barbers, waiters, sales clerks, etc. Indeed, the Soviet press has been carrying on an intensive campaign trying to demonstrate that in a socialist society every kind of socially useful work is noble and dignified, and young Communists have actually been urged as a matter of social discipline and duty not to shun such jobs. Even the virtual disappearance of domestic workers, though a cause of great pride to the Soviets, brings with it its own difficulties, especially since millions of married women are going into industry, and since communal feeding, mechanized laundries, cleaning and dyeing establishments, nurseries and kindergartens, though spreading rapidly, are as yet inadequate to meet the still more rapidly increasing demands.

That is the way the solution of old problems brings new problems in its wake; and the removal of old difficulties brings new difficulties—though invariably at a point closer to the Communist goal.

A forceful demonstration of this truth has been presented in the recent series of Soviet decrees, increasing the hours of labor, prohibiting the quitting of jobs without good cause, and drafting 500,000 village youths into industrial and transport schools. Such drastic measures would never have been adopted had the problem of industrial cadres not become acute.

How did that problem arise?

It arose out of the successful solution of the unemployment problem—the complete and permanent liquidation of unemployment. But the solution of this problem was in itself the result of the solution of two other major problems—those of industrialization and collectivization. Rapid industrialization absorbed all the available labor power in the cities, thus removing the army of unemployed. Successful collectivization removed all economic, social, and cultural incentives for peasant migrations to the cities, in search of work, social status, and the amenities of civilized life. (The money income of the collective farms increased from 5 billion rubles in 1933 to 14 billion rubles in 1937.) We see, then, how two epoch-making Soviet achievements, the successful solution of the problem of reconstructing, modernizing, and enormously expanding Soviet industry and the no less successful solution of the problem of uniting 18,800,000 petty, primitive, impoverished individual peasant holdings into 280,000 large, modern, scientifically managed, prosperous collective farms, brought in their wake another major achievement—the solution of the unemployment problem.

However, as a concomitant of these three brilliant solutions, there arose a new problem —a shortage of labor power to meet the needs of the ever expanding industries. Under capitalism, unemployment, in more or less severe form, is a permanent and prized social institution, providing an almost inexhaustible reservoir of readily available, cheap human labor power. Under socialism, this cheap and easy way of providing industry with labor is destroyed forever. That is the problem now—an acute problem, to be sure; but, again, arising at a point almost within reach of the Communist goal. As the new labor decrees indicate, drastic attempts are already being made to solve this problem too—and who can doubt that it will be ultimately solved?

The one complaint that constantly recurs in Mr. Gedye's reports from the Soviet Union, as well as in his series under discussion, is the shortage of textiles and the shortage of shoes. But nowhere does he mention, though the figures have been available, that the output of cotton fabrics, for example, has risen from 2,570,000,000 meters in 1935 to 3,661,000,000 meters last year, an increase of 42.4 percent; that the woolen industry registered an increase of 41.3 percent for the same period, and the silk industry 79.7 percent, and that a further rise in production was being scored this year. Nowhere does he mention that labor productivity in the textile industry has risen by 17.2 percent in the last two years, and that the average wage in the industry has increased by 78 percent since 1935.

As for shoes, Mr. Gedye seems to be utterly unaware of the fact that the Soviet Union produces 25.4 times as many shoes as did czarist Russia! It is regrettable that Mr. Gedye did not take a day off to visit the Paris Commune Shoe Factory in Moscow. For there he might have seen at least one Soviet shoe factory which in 1922 produced four hundred pairs of shoes a day and now produces forty thousand a day. And there are many such shoe factories in the Soviet Union, and not only shoe factories. . . .

Colossal growth everywhere, but also shortages everywhere—that is the Soviet picture. The cause? The unparalleled economic and cultural upsurge of the Soviet masses released by the Revolution—an upsurge so fantastically rapid and many-sided that no matter how desperately industry tries to keep up with it, it cannot. The demand for things and the ability to pay for them outstrip industry's capacity to produce. Desires and appetites once awakened grow boundlessly, especially when there is universal employment in the city, prosperity in the country, and a sense of general economic security all around; but the productive capacity of industry, however rapid its expansion, has definite limits within a given space of time which it cannot transcend.

Imagine what it meant to an incipient Soviet industry when 160 million workers and peasants, most of whom had walked around

LENINGRAD CHILDREN. *They enjoy a summer vacation on the shores of the Gulf of Finland*

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half-clad and barefoot all their lives, suddenly realized that they were the salt of the earth, entitled to everything under the sun. From the very outset their clamor for goods has been loud; with growing prosperity it has become deafening. "What has the Revolution been for? What have we fought for? What are we working for? To go on as in the past? Not on your life! We want things. Now!" It is difficult to argue in face of such peremptory and understandable demands. More and more things—suits, shoes, books, phonographs, forks, knives, dishes, bicycles—have had to be rushed to villages and workers' settlements as fast as they could be produced. The strain on the industries has been indescribable. After centuries of crushing poverty, after the devastation of war, intervention, and civil war the country was barren of all goods. And when goods began to pour in, it was like a scorched desert, sucking in the ever heavier downpour, yet ever panting, ever gasping for more. It will take probably another ten or fifteen years of peaceful progress before this once parched desert begins to approach the saturation point.

I say *peaceful progress,* for there can be little doubt that if it had not been for the drain on the people's energy and wealth caused by the ever present threat of imperialist provocation and war, most of the problems still facing the Soviet Union, including "shortages," would have been solved long since and forgotten. The capitalist imperialist powers not only slaughter and ruin their own peoples, but they impose tremendous defense burdens on the peaceful peoples of the Soviet Union. The Soviet peoples, from years of bitter experience, have learned not to trust any of the imperialist cliques, and their support, economic and moral, of the Red Army, navy, and airfleet is wholehearted and unstinting, even if it means occasional waiting in queues.

As against Mr. Gedye, who apprehends Soviet reality as a skeptical outsider, a foreign bystander, consciously or unconsciously adapting his viewpoint to the expectations and policies of the capitalist paper for which he writes, I should like to take my readers into some Soviet circles where the Russians, unaware that they may be overheard by foreigners, talk for themselves, among themselves.

Since journals of literary criticism, written by Russians for Russians, rarely attract the linguistically handicapped foreign correspondents, one is likely to find there revealing glimpses into Soviet psychology.

Listen to the fairly well known Soviet novelist Lev Gumilevsky, in a review of a children's book about a locomotive:

> What is new and what is characteristic of us, the Soviet people, is our attitude to the objective world. For the people of the old world [to the Soviet citizen even we of the New World belong to the old world.—J. K.], for the toilers in the capitalist countries this objective world is the source of irremovable contradictions, the source of personal and social tragedies; for us the objective world is the source of common happiness, well being, spiritual satisfaction and social harmony. What though this objective world, our science and technique, our things and our machines do not yet fully, or do still inadequately, satisfy our vast demands and our boundlessly augmented spiritual and material needs: we are advancing along the road that leads to their full satisfaction, we know the road to happiness. (*Literaturnoie Obozrenie,* Vol. 8, 1940.)

(Almost every word in the above quotation might have been intended as a direct reply to Mr. Gedye: a subtle turning of the tables!)

Hear the famous Soviet poet and playwright Victor Gusiev, in a polemic with some Soviet critics as to the qualities of the Bolshevik hero in Soviet literature:

> Yes, at times life is hard; our path is not at all strewn with roses. I, being a poet, am perhaps more clearly and poignantly aware of it than others. But, also, more sharply and clearly than others do I see the magnificent goal of our lives, more sharply and clearly than others do I feel the joy of living in our difficult time, of taking part in the reconstruction of the world. (*Literaturnaia Gazeta,* July 12, 1940.)

(How differently the same difficulties strike the Soviet poet Victor Gusiev and the *Times* correspondent G. E. R. Gedye!)

And finally hear another Soviet novelist, Arkadii Perventsev:

> The sacrifices our people are making are deliberate sacrifices. Thus have we achieved economic independence and made our country into a first rate power. We fear not the word *sacrifice,* for the sacrifice our folk is making is in furtherance of a noble and progressive ideal. History would never forgive us if we failed at this moment to strengthen our country. The enemy is powerful. We see that the unfolding world struggle is not merely a struggle of the spirit: it is a struggle of metal, a struggle of machines, and superior organization and superior discipline are the things that insure victory. . . . Our socialist fatherland has been created with the blood of our generation. It must be ready for anything. Whatever happens, victory must be ours. . . . (*Literaturnaia Gazeta,* July 12, 1940.)

The irate bystander says "drabness," "discontents," "soul-destroying" difficulties; the direct participants in the world's reconstruction, those who have given their blood for their "socialist fatherland," say "common happiness," "magnificent goal," "joy of living," "spiritual satisfaction," "social harmony," "noble and progressive ideal."

I unequivocally accept the testimony of the latter.

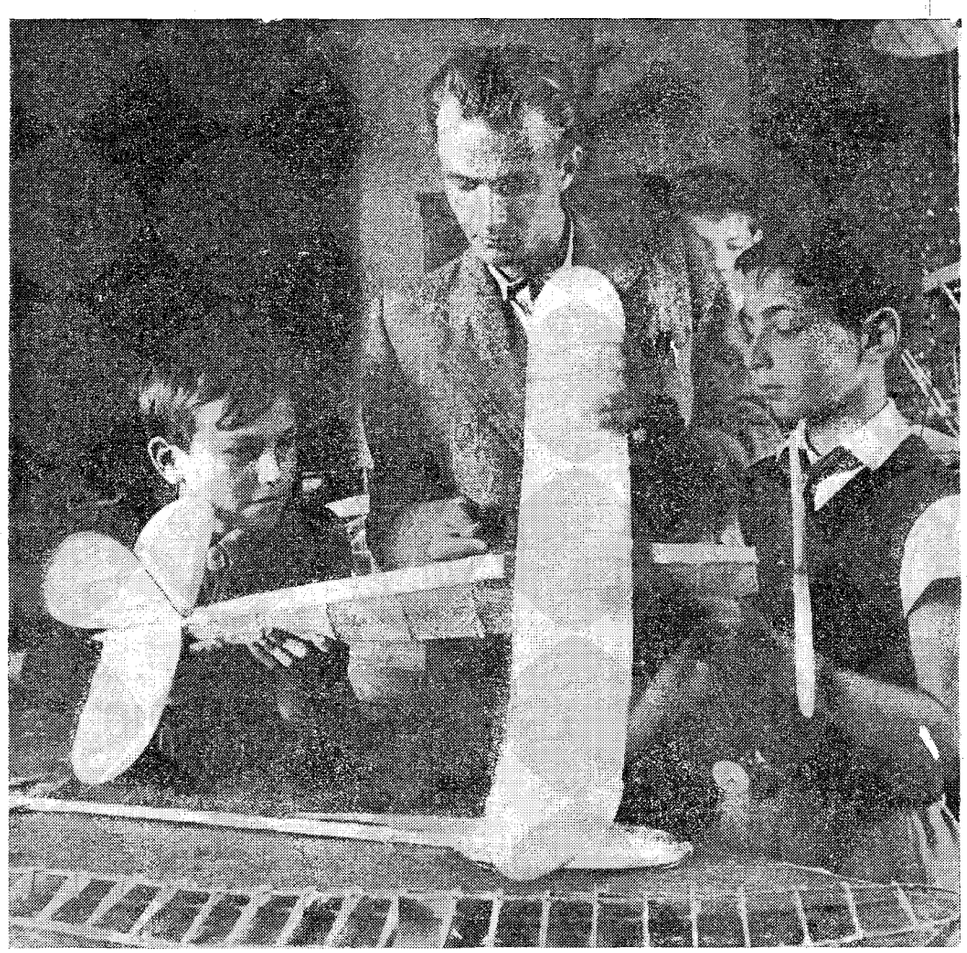
First, because it corresponds to my own experience in the Soviet Union;

Second, because it is given by Soviet citizens who had never dreamt that their utterances would be used as testimony;

Third, because, logically, this testimony fits in much better with the major admissions made by Mr. Gedye himself;

Fourth, because it fits in even more perfectly with Mr. Gedye's correct observation that no Soviet citizens "would contemplate a return to capitalism" and that any such threat "would *doubtless* unite them in resistance as nothing else would."

JOSHUA KUNITZ.



AIRCRAFT DESIGNING. *Life begins for children in the former Polish city of Lvov. Here they are studying under the guidance of a Soviet instructor.*

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Justice in the Steel Country

Simon Gerson's first stop in his swing across the country: Pittsburgh, where forty-three stand trial in one of America's greatest political cases.

Pittsburgh.

Do you swear by the Almighty God, the searcher of all hearts, that in the evidence which you shall give the court and the jury in these several issues now being tried shall be the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, and that as you shall answer to God on the last great day?

—Oath administered to witnesses in Allegheny County Court, Pa.

AN ANCIENT court clerk drones the oath. A pale, nervous witness hastily gulps, "I do." The case of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania *vs.* forty-three Communist election petition workers, one of the greatest mass trials in the history of the state, or in the country, for that matter, continues.

Prosecution witness No. 383 is on the stand in the third week of the proceedings. Assistant District Attorney George P. Langfitt, squat, bull-necked, gray-haired, and dapper, clears his throat while the young woman on the stand fidgets.

"What is your name?" he asks.

"Charlotte Lankiewcz," the witness answers in a low voice.

"Where do you live?"

The witness replies, her voice still low.

The assistant district attorney arises from his seat, rustling a paper.

Q. I show you Commonwealth exhibit No. —, petition No. — and call your attention to line thirty-odd. Is that your name?

A. Yes.

Q. When you signed it, did you know it was a Communist nominating petition?

A. No.

Q. What were you told it was?

A. A petition to keep the United States out of war.

Q. If you had known it was a Communist petition, would you have signed it?

Objection by defense overruled by the court. Exception noted.

A. No.

Prosecutor: That's all. Cross-examine.

This has gone on since September 30. By the end of the third week of the trial more than five hundred signers of the Communist nominating petitions for presidential candidate Earl Browder and vice presidential candidate James W. Ford and local congressional nominees had been called by the prosecution.

Waiting witnesses, wearied by the district attorney's routine, gaze up at the white-washed steel girders running across the ceiling or out of the windows of the fortress-like, gray stone building. The jury, seven women and five men, tries hard to listen.

Judge J. Frank Graff, six feet tall, powerfully built, tries hard not to mind the startling unanimity of the district attorney's witnesses. A high-ranking American Legionnaire, the judge eyes the defendants' counsel closely during cross-questioning.

The defendants, a cross-section of working class America, watch each move carefully, frequently lean over to their attorneys to suggest questions. No doubt about it, the defendants dominate this court-room. Nearest to the press table is fifty-four-year-old Logan Burkhardt, a mild, bespectacled electrical worker, vice president of Westinghouse Local 601 of the United Electrical and Radio Workers, largest local in the union. Not a Communist Party member, he nevertheless believes socialism will benefit America, and the quiet unionist tells you without the slightest trace of boasting that his Welsh and German ancestry dates back at least four generations in this region.

Seated directly behind defense counsel are the heads of the Communist Party of western Pennsylvania. Tall, gangling Chairman Charlie Gwynn, who traces his family back to the first Scotch-Welsh settlers of Virginia, knits his brows as he follows the procession of witnesses through photostats of the petitions in his hand. A muffled cough—miners' silicosis that—betrays Charley's occupation. Chunky George Powers, metal worker and Party secretary, sits directly back of counsel and communicates most frequently with them.

A young man sits next to Powers. Handsome as a collar ad, the soft-spoken defendant admits to being Nalbro Frazier, a thirty-year-old electrical engineer whose family settled the eastern part of the state in 1760 and whose father, the late Dr. Charles Frazier of the University of Pennsylvania, was one of the nation's most eminent brain specialists. Nap—he got the nickname at Harvard—is organization secretary of the Party.

The rest of the defendants are of the same mold and remind one of Paul Robeson's rousing version of Earl Robinson's *Ballad for Americans,* "Negro, Irish, Catholic, Jew. . . ." There is Ben Careathers, Negro Party leader and probably the best-known Communist in Pittsburgh; James H. Dolsen, Communist candidate for the state Legislature from the first district, a descendant of the first male white child born on Manhattan Island; Ben Findley, wounded Lincoln Brigade veteran, Communist congressional candidate for the thirty-first district; Pittsburgh-born Joe Filner, who attended the University of Pittsburgh, and now works as a baker; placid American-Jewish housewife Rebecca Horwitz.

Defense counsel Cyrus A. Davis, son of a glass worker, himself a former glass worker and crane operator at Westinghouse, is well qualified for his present task. Prominent in Pittsburgh, a veteran of the World War, he flew a plane in 1932 for the bonus army. He has defended Communist petition collectors in Westmoreland and Beaver Counties.

The chief counsel is assisted by Samuel A. Neuberger, representing the Committee on Election Rights—1940 of the National Federation for Constitutional Rights. Neuberger, who has recently been engaged in various civil liberty battles, is counsel for Logan Burkhardt and associate to Davis for the entire group.

Miners, steel, electrical, and glass workers, office workers, and housewives, with strains of Scotch, Irish, Welsh, English, German, Croatian, Jewish, Negro, Serbian, Greek, and Polish blood flowing through their veins, flesh of the flesh and bone of the bone of the American people—these are the Pittsburgh defendants fighting a heroic battle for the democratic right of free elections.

This is no petty local election matter. It bears all the earmarks of a colossal frame-up against the right of minority parties to stand up for the people against the war-mongers.

If this is not part of a nation-wide conspiracy to rob the people of America of hard-won democratic rights and decapitate its fighting vanguard, the Communist Party, then facts have lost their meaning.

If you don't think this is a plot against American liberties executed in Gestapo fashion, look at the chronological record:

1. June 1940. The terror begins. The Pittsburgh *Press,* a Scripps-Howard paper, prints the names of the signers of Communist nomination petitions in western Pennsylvania.

2. The Communist Party seeks to enjoin the Pittsburgh *Press* from publishing the names. Courts refuse injunction.

3. The Pittsburgh *Press* urges signers to repudiate signatures, suggesting that perhaps misrepresentations were made to the signers.

4. The terror invades the factories. At about this time some of the signers working in the large mills in the Pittsburgh area lose their jobs.

5. The terror is extended from Washington. The signers get letters from Martin Dies.

6. The terror invades the home. Many signers are visited by county detectives and local sheriffs and constables.

7. Several mayors of Allegheny County towns "invite" signers to come to the various city halls and repudiate their signatures.

8. The terror intensifies. Police and process servers bring subpenas to eleven hundred signers to appear before the grand jury.

9. Signers are grilled before the grand jury. Several insist that they knew just what they were signing and that it was entirely legal to sign a Communist petition. Others, terror-

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stricken by the pressure and possible loss of jobs, state that they thought they were signing an anti-war petition and that nothing was said to them by the canvasser indicating that they were signing a Communist petition.

10. July 5. The grand jury hands down 105 indictments against forty-three persons. Charges include perjury, fraud, and conspiracy. Bail is set at $350,000 and finally reduced after considerable struggle to less than $100,000. Total prison sentences possible for the group are more than five hundred years.

11. Trial of thirty of the forty-three defendants begins on September 30.

Of the trial itself it can be said that the taxpayers will find it is one of the most expensive fantasies ever concocted by Allegheny County. The judge gets a flat fee of $25 a day plus expenses; the jurors are paid by the day; the witnesses (the prosecution plans to use one thousand) get $2 for each day in court plus mileage; the record itself will be a thing to behold. Experienced observers of court affairs say the entire proceeding should cost about $100,000.

The strategy of the prosecution is relatively simple and by now hackneyed. All it plans to do is force the witnesses to stick to the terror-stricken tales told in the grand jury room. When they seem a bit reluctant the DA hauls out the grand jury minutes and threatens the erring witness with a perjury charge.

With a far-away look most of the witnesses, avoiding the eyes of the defendants, insist that the petition they signed had nothing to do with the Communist Party. Almost to a man they insist that it was represented to them as an anti-war petition, an anti-lynching petition, a Democratic petition, a Republican petition, a petition for WPA, lower rents, traffic cops, new housing projects, or swimming pools. One lad gets the happy thought that the canvasser had asked him to sign for a popularity contest, while an old woman insists that she signed the petition because she thought the canvasser had said "it was a paper to run a man *against* the Communist Party." Another says she had thought the election worker was "the censorship man."

After Assistant District Attorney Langfitt, with a straight face, elicits these answers, he sits down with a self-satisfied smirk and defense counsel Davis takes over.

Mr. Davis adjusts his glasses, picks up the petition, and asks: "You can read, can't you?"

The witness practically always admits to this weakness.

"Then why," demands Davis, "didn't you read the head of the petition?"

On this one there is less originality shown. Most Pittsburghers were busy as demons in those March days when the petitions in question were being circulated and couldn't stop to read the few words at the head of the document they were signing. One young lady tells the jury without batting an eyelash that she had been waiting for a car on her way to work when the canvasser approached her and she had no time to read, only to sign.

"Why didn't you read the petition?" Davis asked Chester Wilson, prosecution witness.

"I was shaving at the time, sir, and was afraid of cutting myself," was the response.

The legal strategy of the defense is simple. At the present stage it is content to ridicule the obviously trumped-up stories of the state's witnesses and carefully build up a picture of the terror underlying their testimony. Slowly but surely the jury is getting a picture of the real situation—the pressure exercised against the signers to repudiate their signatures. What complicates the defense task and calls for special skill is the fact that most of the state's witnesses are terrorized, temporarily frightened out of their wits. The defense is showing tact and discrimination in dealing with these people who should only be regarded superficially as state's witnesses. This is no doubt due to the understanding and appreciation of the issues shown by the leaders of the Communist Party of Pennsylvania.

The real story of the trial was brought out by sympathetic cross-questioning of John Breda of McKeesport, a state's witness.

Q. Are you working for Firth-Stirling now?

A. Not since three and a half months ago. Since this trouble occurred, I haven't been working for Firth-Stirling.

Q. You got fired from Firth-Stirling for signing this petition, didn't you?

A. Yes.

Q. And so was Widen, wasn't he?

A. Yes.

Q. And you were told that if you came in here and told this story you would have your job back, weren't you?

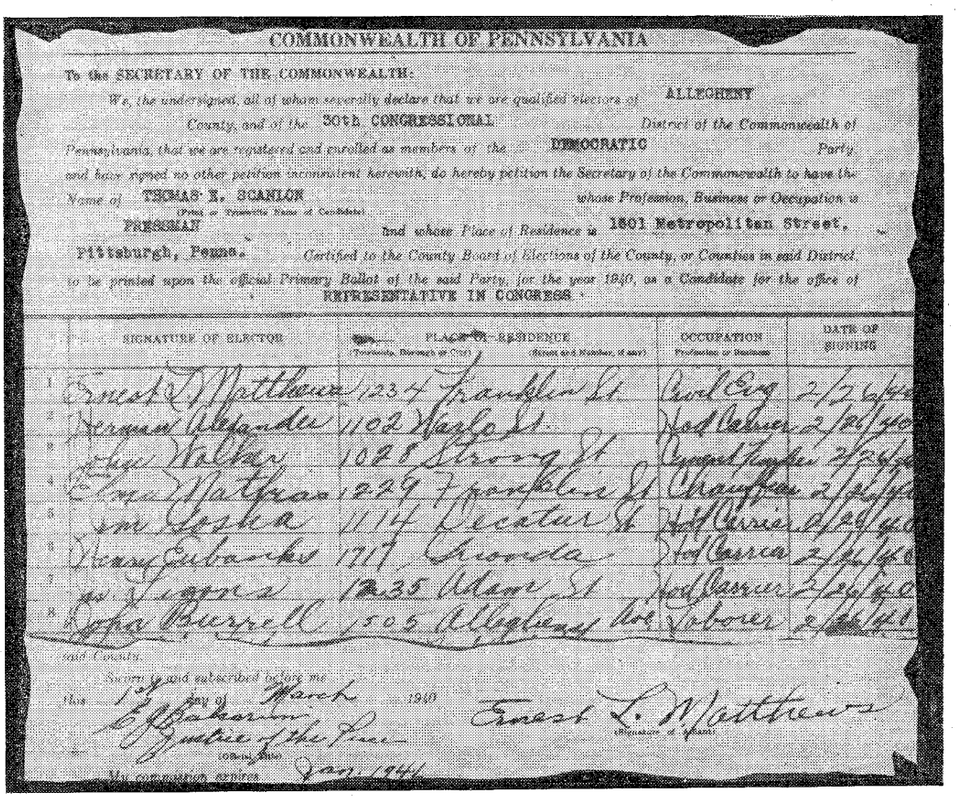
A. Yes.

When state's witness Vencil Svoboda, 55-year-old Bohemian-born railroad worker, flatly denied his grand jury testimony and told the truth, informing the court that he had lied the first time "because I was scared," he was promptly arrested on a perjury charge. He is now out on bail provided by the defense.

That the workers are rallying from the original panic is even more evident by two other significant incidents. When the name of Anthony J. Salopak, one of the forty-three defendants, was made public, the Hearst *Sun-Telegraph,* no doubt jealous of the Pittsburgh *Press,* organized a special campaign against him. Salopak was, and is, secretary-treasurer of the powerful Duquesne lodge of the Steel Workers Organizing Committee. Hearst howled for his removal as a union officer. A motion to that effect was made on the union floor but was overwhelmingly rejected after Salopak spoke in his own defense. The motion got exactly two votes. A similar incident occurred in Logan Burkhardt's local where a like motion, Hearst-inspired, went down to overwhelming defeat.

It is this attitude of the labor movement which is the brightest area of the picture. But even more affirmative action by labor and militant progressives must be taken if these defendants are to saved from savage prison terms. They are in the front line of the fight to safeguard democratic rights. The outcome is up to the rest of America whose liberties are so seriously involved in the Pittsburgh trial.

SIMON W. GERSON.



COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA

To the SECRETARY OF THE COMMONWEALTH:

We, the undersigned, all of whom severally declare that we are qualified electors of ALLEGHENY County, and of the 30th CONGRESSIONAL District of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, that we are registered and enrolled as members of the DEMOCRATIC Party and have signed no other petition inconsistent herewith, do hereby petition the Secretary of the Commonwealth to have the Name of THOMAS E. SCANLON (Print or Typewrite Name of Candidate) whose Profession, Business or Occupation is FIREMAN and whose Place of Residence is 1801 Metropolitan Street, Pittsburgh, Penna. Certified to the County Board of Elections of the County, or Counties in said District, to be printed upon the official Primary Ballot of the said Party, for the year 1940, as a Candidate for the office of REPRESENTATIVE IN CONGRESS.

	SIGNATURE OF ELECTOR	PLACE OF RESIDENCE (Township, Borough or City) (Street and Number, if any)	OCCUPATION (Profession or Business)	DATE OF SIGNING
1.	Ernest L. Matthews	1234 Franklin St.	Rail Eng	2/12/40
2.	Vincent Wegander	1102 Wayne St.	Rail Laborer	2/10/40
3.	John Walter	1028 Strong St.	Signal Engineer	2/12/40
4.	Ernest Matthews	1234 Franklin St.	Engineer	2/12/40
5.	Jos Yeska	1114 Decatur St.	Rail Carrier	2/10/40
6.	Henry Cubanks	1117 Arondale	Rail Carrier	2/10/40
7.	Jos Yeska	1035 Adams St.	Rail Carrier	2/10/40
8.	John Burrell	1505 Allegheny Ave.	Rail Laborer	2/10/40

and County.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 12th day of March 1940

E. J. Baharin
Justice of the Peace

Ernest L. Matthews
(Signature of Elector)

My commission expires Jan. 1941

THIS PHOTOSTAT *of a petition filed by the Democratic Party in Allegheny County, western Pennsylvania, shows obvious irregularities. All names are written in the same handwriting. Copies of this petition were submitted to District Attorney Andrew Park whose office is now prosecuting forty-three Pittsburgh citizens for alleged Communist petition frauds. Park refused to consider the evidence.*

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The Education of Ambassador Bullitt

How the dilettante of Rittenhouse Square in Philadelphia became the glamour boy of the State Department. Sumner Welles and Cordell Hull don't like him, but FDR does.

In WASHINGTON, the popularity of a high government official is in inverse proportion to the number of times he phones the White House, or personally chats with the President, or is received at the Executive mansion. And so William Christian Bullitt, ambassador to France, is regarded by his colleagues in the State Department with something less than enthusiasm. Perhaps the animosity visited on Bill Bullitt's prematurely bald head can be dismissed as jealousy. The fact remains that the blue-eyed, ebullient playboy is no favorite with Sumner Welles, or with his chief-in-name-only, Cordell Hull.

Bullitt certainly has the President's ear. The two wealthy exponents of the good-man-in-politics theory, for all their easy camaraderie with the nabobs of finance and industry, exhibit a similar disdain for grubbers in commerce and credit. The country squire from the Hudson Valley and the dilettante from Philadelphia's Rittenhouse Square amuse each other with their wit and their quick perceptions. Both are ambitious; both juggle liberal phrases to their own advantage, like-minded men who talk the same language. Small wonder they appreciate each other, or that they enjoy mulling over together the heavy problems of a chaotic world.

THE BULLITT HERITAGE stretches far back into American history. At least the family claims descent from Pocahontas, and thus has something over even the legion whose lusty progenitors jammed the *Mayflower*. Through the many generations since the remote days of the Indian princess, the Bullitts gathered other famous names to adorn their family tree—the father of George Washington, the sister of Patrick Henry. And William grew up in an atmosphere befitting his illustrious forebears, an atmosphere of refined luxury with a premium on culture. His mother spoke French at the lunch table so that the children could master the language of culture and elegance; he learned German at a Munich school. Education was William's birthright, a preparation for his rightful place among America's elite. The Delancy Academy preceded four years at Yale, which was followed by law school at Harvard to equip him to carry on his father's profession. During his first year at Cambridge, his father died, leaving a large fortune to wife and children. The romantic and soft-spoken William decided that he had little interest in law. He wanted to participate more fully in world events, to mold his country.

With his mother, he made the grand tour of Europe. And the young scion of wealth stood on a Moscow balcony in August 1914 and watched men and women cheer the czar's troops on their way to defend righteousness and Holy Russia. In Berlin, he saw men and women determined to defend their fatherland against a world that wanted to throttle the German genius. In France, he found still other men and women who urged their sons and husbands to die for justice and liberty. So young Bullitt, the idealist, experienced his first disillusion. He returned home a pacifist, disgusted by the folly of war that tricked each nation into claiming the exclusive participation of God on its side.

He wanted a job. Accordingly, he visited the offices of the Philadelphia *Ledger* and offered his services, accepting even the $10-a-week grind of a cub reporter. But Bullitt was bright, the son of a wealthy and respected family. He quickly jumped from the police beat to the position of managing editor, then to featured correspondent on Henry Ford's Peace Ship, from whence he wrote ironically of the crackpots but sympathetically of their desire to stop the war. In Europe, he cabled inside war news to the readers of the *Ledger*. By the time he returned to the United States, he was a far greater authority on world politics than when he had left. So much so that Woodrow Wilson pulled strings to have Bullitt fired from his newspaper job, and then through Colonel House invited him into the State Department to compile confidential reports on the Central Powers. Three doors down the corridor in the old State, War, and Navy Building where he worked was the office of another young aristocrat, Franklin D. Roosevelt, of Hyde Park, Groton, and Harvard.

Of all the proud traditions valued by Bullitt, Roosevelt, and Woodrow Wilson, these liberals talked most of democracy. It was for democracy's sake that Woodrow Wilson kept this country out of war and thereby won the 1916 election. Again, for democracy's sake, in order to spread its beneficence to Europe and the world, President Wilson subsequently led the United States into Europe's war. Roosevelt and Bullitt approved. To them democracy was meaningless unless this nation, if called upon, was willing to confront its enemies with force.

The war was fought and won. Bullitt, who had tried to enlist in the French army and who later attempted to join the colors when his own country took up arms, had been held to his post in the State Department. But the sacrifice brought its reward when Wilson sailed to France to make Europe over in his own image, and took William Bullitt with him as an attache to the peace commission. In Paris, Bullitt wrote confidential reports for the President and the other American negotiators and their staffs. The reports went unread. He attended the Socialist conference in Geneva, and again drew up a report. He worked diligently, becoming more and more an authority on European affairs, finding the company of such men as Lincoln Steffens stimulating and instructive. This group of intellectuals discussed the difficulties put in Mr. Wilson's gallant path by the greedy old men of Europe. They talked of Russia, that strange, remote land which had suddenly shaken itself free of the czar, and where the war had been ended by an enigmatic man named Lenin.

Bullitt listened to Steffens' ironic questions, and like him adopted the broad view which held that if Europe's ills were to be healed, Russia could not be excluded from any settlement. He realized that the greedy old men feared the people's strength and the success of the new system called "Communism." In exhausted Europe, the example of Russia was dangerous—already Germany was in turmoil and soviets had sprung up in Hungary. Through his close friend, Colonel House, Bullitt passed on Steffens' sly suggestion that a secret American mission be sent to sound out the man Lenin on an agreement that would rid Russia of invading Allied and German armies, and allow the young state to live in peace and comity with the family of nations that Mr. Wilson proposed to form.

Wilson agreed, and Lloyd George gave grudging assent. The Bullitt mission, composed of the young Philadelphia aristocrat, the inquiring Steffens, and observers for the army and navy, left with secrecy for Petrograd. They were cordially received, and they met all the leading Bolsheviks. Bullitt talked and so did Steffens. In three weeks the commission decided that Russia was conducting an interesting experiment; Steffens said he had seen the future and that it worked. Bullitt reported, "If the blockade is lifted and supplies begin to be delivered regularly to Soviet Russia, a more powerful hold over the Russian people will be established than that given by the blockade itself. . . . Furthermore the parties which now oppose the Communists in principle, but are now supporting them, will also begin to fight against them." The extremists could be killed with kindness where force had failed, suggested the kindly Bullitt.

Back in London, Bullitt mistakenly spoke to Lloyd George of his findings before he saw Wilson, and the President never forgot the slight. He refused to see his emissary, and he refused to act on the advice which Bullitt had written with Steffens' generous help. When Lloyd George was questioned in Parliament about the mission, he repudiated it. Bullitt experienced another deep disillusionment. Angrily he turned on the men who had disregarded his recommendations, angrily he resigned from the State Department—with

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as much fanfare as a clever idealist can arouse at a time of violent political intrigue. William Bullitt fought back when he was crossed.

His vengeance remained incomplete, however, until the Senate Committee for Foreign Affairs summoned him to testify in September 1919. Bullitt welcomed the chance; from his intimate knowledge, he revealed what had gone on in Paris. What he said helped spike Wilson's crusade to persuade Congress to endorse the Treaty of Versailles. Bullitt let down his hair, and the old-guard Republicans, deep in plans for the coming presidential election, listened gleefully. Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, the reviler of Wilson, egged him on in his confessional which violated State Department ethics. Triumphantly Bullitt returned to his rightful place in Philadelphia, only to find to his further bitter disillusionment that the right people snubbed him, called him radical, and a hot-headed fool who kept bad company and mouthed empty phrases.

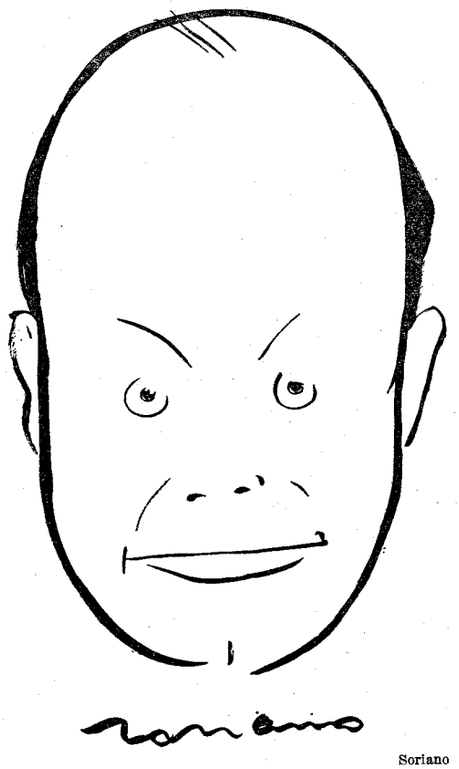
So ENDED Bullitt's first adventure in politics. He turned his back on Philadelphia and on his country which had treated him so shabbily. With his charming wife he went to Europe to get away from it all and to bask in the light of culture and the finer things of life. He began writing a scathing expose of those in Philadelphia who had scorned him, later published under the title *It's Not Done.*

He cut himself off from the past, parting even with his wife. He replaced the hero Wilson with the hero John Reed, American journalist and poet who had turned revolutionary and was now prematurely dead. Bullitt wanted to emulate the free spirit of Reed. And so he wooed Louise Bryant, Reed's widow, and married her, and set out to talk a refined radicalism in the leading salons of Paris. For twelve years, he flitted through Europe, a bored exile. He had chosen politics as a career, and the politicians who were not good men had shelved him. But some day, he told himself, his enemies would eat humble pie.

For twelve years Bullitt waited. Then a good man in politics loomed on the horizon, his former colleague, Franklin D. Roosevelt. Bullitt hurried to America. He campaigned for Roosevelt, believed in him, boosted him. And Roosevelt became President. The reward to Bullitt was a post in the State Department as a special assistant.

Bullitt's personal contribution to the new administration was to advocate American recognition of the Soviet Union. He predicted that such a move would yield profitable trade and other advantages once this country stopped playing ostrich and acknowledged the existence of the Soviets. President Roosevelt also saw advantages. When Foreign Minister Litvinov arrived in Washington William Bullitt prepared the ground for the President. Recognition was finally granted. And Bullitt was the logical choice as first American ambassador to the land of socialism.

THE NEW AMBASSADOR left for Moscow almost immediately. He looked on his new post as a significant reward of virtue. Had he not always advocated reasonable relations between the Soviet Union and the United States? The appointment in his eyes was more than an ambassadorship; it was a mission to a country faced with immense difficulties, a mission of friendship and aid. He would bring cultured understanding to the Russians, and the proud lessons of American liberty. He would return to "his revolution," where he was resolved to help the great Russian people as only a benevolent man-of-the-world could help them.



William C. Bullitt

He also anticipated winning benefits for the United States—the collection of loans made to the Kerensky government and later repudiated by the Bolsheviks; and the arrangement of a trade pact favorable to American business at a time when crisis sapped the strength of the great corporations. By achieving these ends, Bullitt foresaw acclaim at home. He could do with a little praise after his years of obscurity.

He arrived in Moscow, foretasting his triumphs and with idealism glowing undiminished. The warm reception accorded him only raised his confidence to new heights. Litvinov was cordiality itself. Voroshilov, chief of the Red Army, rode horseback with him and agreed that Bullitt should teach army officers to play polo. Joseph Stalin received him—Bullitt was the first ambassador to be so welcomed.

But as always, Bullitt's honeymoon was shattered by disillusion. Somehow the revolution seemed different. The romance was gone. Soviet diplomacy was anything but romantic: it analyzed painstakingly; and for all the charm of Bullitt's elaborate embassy dinners, Soviet officials proved not overly eager to take his advice on how to run their country. When the subject of the Kerensky debts was broached, with all that a settlement would mean to Bullitt's reputation as a statesman, Litvinov remained unwilling to pay debts which the Soviets had not contracted even to oblige such a friendly spirit as the American ambassador. When trade negotiations started, the Soviet spokesmen desired agreements which would not only profit American business but which would benefit Russia as well.

He had come thousands of miles full of the most generous emotions, anxious only to build himself a well-deserved reputation. Instead of being deferred to, he met hard-headed diplomacy. He was plunged into despair. Only in certain circles did he find men who understood him, even encouraged him in his criticisms—men like Bucharin and Radek, and Bullitt's close friend who headed the travel service, Intourist. But these men could do no more than listen sympathetically to his complaints. Later, after Bullitt left the Soviet Union, Bucharin was shot as a traitor, and Bullitt's good friend who headed Intourist was also executed. And the idealist was disillusioned even further.

While he remained in Moscow, he was to learn other painful truths. Far from wishing to take the sane course he advocated, the Russian people continued to fight for socialism. And socialism thwarted Bullitt's ambition to build a reputation at home. Bullitt fed his rage. With all the class bias of a virtuous man who believed that the people should be glad to place their fate in the hands of aristocrats like himself, Bullitt turned on the Soviet Union which he had formerly been willing to patronize. He would bring the Soviets to their knees, not just because he had been humiliated, but also because socialism was a menace to the world that Bullitt knew and wished to preserve.

He hurried to Berlin. There, violating the ethics of the foreign service, he went over Ambassador Dodd's head to consult secretly with the French ambassador to Berlin, urging him to persuade the French government to break its mutual assistance pact with the Soviet Union. The Red Army was weak, said Bullitt, and the Soviet Union was crumbling; such a pact linked France to a helpless government that would only drag France down. The French ambassador agreed with the American envoy. But at that time, despite Bullitt's intrigue, the Franco-Soviet pact remained unbroken.

WHEN FINALLY Bullitt was relieved of his Moscow post and went to Paris as ambassador to France, he breathed a deep sigh of relief. To his task, he brought enthusiasm, and hatred for the Soviet Union—he was not one to forget a grudge—and the new knowledge that socialism was more dangerous than aerial bombardments or war or the famine

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of a continent. Thus, he was quick to see danger in the Spanish war against fascism, particularly since the Soviet Union favored the loyalists. Bullitt realized that whatever the Soviet Union supported must necessarily be wrong; in addition, he was fearful that if the Spanish people were victorious, they might easily get out of hand. The result could well be socialism. The risk was far too great. Therefore, Bullitt agreed with Blum, and with his new and particular friend, Georges Bonnet, that Spanish democracy could be preserved at too high cost. It was safer at certain times for even an idealist to play the British game of letting fascism augment its power. Bullitt talked long and often over the trans-Atlantic telephone to President Roosevelt, informing him what was happening in Spain. When the American ambassador to Madrid, Claude Bowers, came to Paris, there to arrange help for the starving Spanish and again to inform Roosevelt that the defeat of Spanish democracy would threaten democracy throughout the world, he thought it advisable to keep his visit secret from Bullitt. But Bullitt had the last word with Roosevelt.

Bullitt liked Paris as much as he loathed Moscow. With superb good taste, he redecorated the living quarters at the new embassy. He gave fabulous parties, hiring the finest cook in Europe—the former chef of Hungary's Baron Horthy. He rented a fine old chateau near Chantilly. He entertained the elite of Europe, dashing over to London to see his cousin Lady Astor and to spend a few days in the country at Cliveden where he met such charming people. From time to time, he sat as an unofficial member of the French cabinet, the idealist who had much to say about the weakness of the Red Army. When he sang his repetitious hymn of hate, the wise men like Bonnet and Daladier, Blum and Reynaud would nod approvingly in much the manner that the members of the Senate Committee had nodded when he had testified before them in 1919. Quite openly the American ambassador declared that it would be no tragedy if war broke out between Germany and the Soviet Union.

In the terrible days before Munich, Bullitt kept his head. He knew what war implied: if the Czechoslovaks resisted the Germans, then what would be the outcome? Would halting the Germans be accomplished at the expense of capitalism itself? Would fascism be stopped only to gain socialism? The price was too high, thought Bullitt, just as Chamberlain and Daladier, with whom Bullitt talked so often, considered the odds one-sided. So Bullitt informed President Roosevelt that even if little Czechoslovakia perished, peace must be preserved, and Roosevelt agreed. The President's two messages to the heads of European states did their bit to prepare the love feast at Munich. Once the agreement was signed, Bullitt could safely leave for a personal visit to Washington. There he remarked, "Up to the time of President Roosevelt's second message, every one was sure that war would come, but the relief when the pact was signed at Munich was comparable with the day of the 1918 armistice." Bullitt had finally become a great statesman.

Nevertheless, Munich proved another disillusionment. The fine pact did not work. In less than a year, Europe was at war—and not against the Soviet Union. Bullitt had done his bit to avert the catastrophe—he had steadfastly warned the French, and through them the British, not to listen to the Soviet's requests for collective agreements to preserve peace. He had vehemently approved Daladier's shelving of the Franco-Soviet pact. He had promised the Polish ambassador to France (and on his excursion to Washington, the Polish ambassador to the United States) that Poland had nothing to fear. The United States, he said, would support France and Great Britain, and therefore nothing could happen to Poland. Premier Joseph Beck need not worry about his failure to come to terms with the Soviet Union. The support of the United States would more than compensate for the lack of an agreement with the Russians.

When Premier Beck fled to Rumania after Poland's defeat, he took with him certain papers which he later sold to the Germans. The Germans published them as a White Paper, and most of the documents referred rather embarrassingly to Bullitt. Of course, Bullitt denied their authenticity, as did his friend Roosevelt and Secretary Hull, for in the White Paper Jerzi Potocki, Polish ambassador in Washington, reputedly wrote that Bullitt had pledged American intervention on the side of Great Britain and France in the event of war; and Jules Lukasiewiecz in Paris quoted Bullitt as saying, "Should war break out, we will certainly not take part in it at the beginning, but we shall end it." If Bullitt did not speak in exactly these words to the Polish representatives, other remarks of his made up for the lack.

Particularly did he tell the French, whom he served as an unofficial cabinet member, that the United States would give them all aid in the event of war with Germany. Once hostilities started, Bullitt, the idealist, held his thumbs for a French victory. Yet when France fell, he was haunted once again by the fear of something worse than fascism—the spread of socialism. So Bullitt, despite Secretary Hull's orders to the contrary, remained in Paris after the French government had abandoned the city, where he served as acting mayor and with the Paris police and firemen under his command, handed the city over to the victorious Germans in fine order, with the people properly subdued and the trouble makers safely in jail.

Only then did he return to America, the hero of Paris, the lover of democracy, the crusader against fascism. When he learned that the American people had dubbed as fascist the Petain government in Vichy, Bullitt was outraged. "It would be a mistake to call France a fascist country," he said—because fascism was a term of reproach, and the Petain government deserved better than that. It had held the people of France in check, it had prevented the disaster of socialism. It was wrong, in Bullitt's mind, to penalize Petain and his colleagues for saving civilization as Bullitt knew it.

William Bullitt had grown during his years abroad. He understood with new clarity the great menace of those who talked "twaddle" about peace, and "claptrap" about democracy. Bullitt now felt that democracy was all very well in its place, but first came the defense of a way of life that he held dear. Frankly he spoke to the American people, berating them because they had grown soft and warning them that they must fight for Bullitt's civilization. Great Britain should win the war—but it must not be at too great sacrifice. That was the paradox—if the price was too high, if Germany or France starved, the people in those countries might rebel. The danger was socialism.

The greatest evil, said Bullitt, was the Soviet Union. The greatest evil at home was the Communist Party, which Bullitt declared must be treated as the Communist Party in France was treated by Daladier. France had fallen, Bullitt stressed, because the Communists so willed it—a statement flatly denied by analysis in the English press and by such French authorities as Pierre Cot. In fact, considered opinion placed the guilt with high officials, the fifth columnists—and each one of the figures pointed to accusingly was a friend of William Bullitt. But Bullitt knew better. He hated the Communists because he hated the Soviet Union, and more, because the Communists demanded peace and resisted fascism even at home.

Bullitt had learned much. It seemed unfair that his weighty opinions were greeted with such little respect by Senator Clark of Missouri:

> . . . the address of Mr. Bullitt [in Philadelphia], coming from a man in his position, at this time, is very little short of treason . . . the reason Mr. Bullitt is roaming around the country pleading the cause of the fascist and Nazi-controlled Petain government in France may be that he desires to keep commitments which he may have made, and remarks which he may have made in France, making material contribution to bringing about the war, from coming out in the war-guilt trials. . . .

Such attacks were invidious. After all, Bullitt's speech had been discussed at length with the President, approved in detail by him, and "must be taken, therefore, as an exact expression of the President's own views," commented Alsop in the Washington *Star*. In fact, the speech was released and distributed by the State Department. Bullitt was serving his President well. Did he not seize upon Sumner Welles' cautious note to the Soviet Union concerning Latvian gold in this country, and change the message into a vitriolic attack against the friendly Russian government? Bullitt eschewed compromises—at least toward the Soviet Union and the Communist Party. Give Bullitt a free hand and this na-

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tion need no longer worry that the Soviet Union would invade the United States tomorrow, or that the people of this country would get out of hand and attempt to resist the measures which Bullitt favored using against radicals, union leaders, the foreign born, and those who questioned his idealism. He learned these measures from Daladier and Petain. If fascist methods were the only means of keeping the elite at the top of the heap, Bullitt willingly enough endorsed complete ruthlessness.

THE STORY of William Bullitt is the story of the liberal capitalist. When the time comes, the liberal capitalist is a defender of the profit system first and a liberal as an afterthought —when and if it is advisable. He defends his birthright, and in his resolute desire to preserve his way of life, he will even resort to rubber hose and concentration camps, jailings and executions, pogroms and war. He has one great ally: the capitalists who are not liberal. Together they will fight for their domain. But the liberal capitalist can for a time retain his liberal mask. William Bullitt is such a man. Bullitt, the so-called authority on European affairs, will trade upon his past reputation to sell America anti-alien drives, the persecution of the Communist Party and the union movement, race hate, and lynchings, hostility to the great workers' socialist state, the Soviet Union. He will peddle war, and if it is advisable, appeasement. He speaks not only for himself but also for his master, Franklin D. Roosevelt; and his master speaks for those who stand above him and who see profits in war, profits in the right kind of "peace," but no profits at all in the growing strength of the American people.

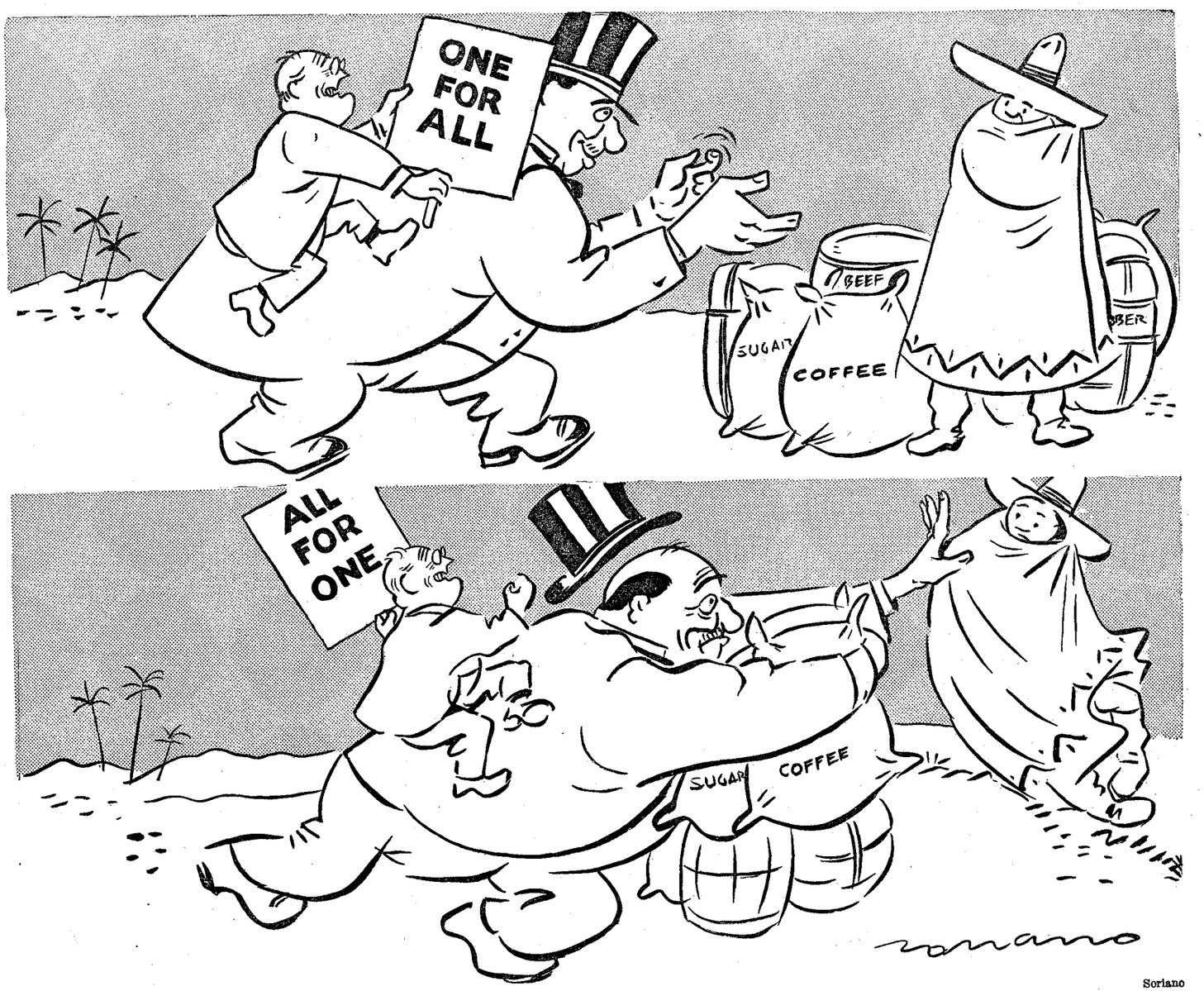
William Bullitt is a symbol. His actions and opinions express the sum total of confusion and desperation bred by the insoluble contradictions of a failing system. The descendant of the early American settlers has pawned his heritage so that he can keep his porridge now.

BRUCE MINTON.

Just Six-Sevenths

IT COSTS about $2,184 a year to maintain an average American family of five in health and decency. How many American families have that much income? Just about 14 percent. One-third of them, in fact, average only $471 a year, and another third $1,076. So some six-sevenths of our population—considerably more than the famous "one-third"—are ill fed, ill clothed, and ill housed.

The study on living costs was made by the Heller Committee for Research in Social Economics at the University of California. Its "average family," included besides the parents, a girl of five and two boys, aged eleven and two. Their maintenance was broken down into five categories: payroll taxes, $43.46; food, $622.44; clothing, $233.98; shelter, $595.33; miscellaneous, $688.82. The committee also worked out a minimum budget for a relief family: it amounted to $104 a month. Actual relief budgets for families of five are usually about half this amount or less.



Soriano

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Why the War Swings Southeast

Joseph Starobin discusses the contest for the Balkans and the Near East. The objectives of the axis powers. The battle for the lifelines.

AMID the many uncertainties of the present moment, at least one thing seems certain: the dimensions of the war are being enlarged both in space and time. The Mediterranean Sea, which gives a special character to the life and politics of a dozen powers and a score of peoples, is becoming the major theater of conflict. All of Africa and the gateways to Asia are at stake. And as the war shifts from the River Thames and the River Rhine—where the issue appears to be "defense of the homeland"—it reveals itself more clearly than before as a titanic struggle for access to the colonial markets and sources of raw materials, for imperial power. The concept of a "short war," of which the German rulers were so confident and the American rulers so fearful, must now be replaced. This war continues not only through the winter of 1940, but may be just the first of a *whole cycle of wars and upheavals* embracing every people and every strategic area on the globe.

THE EVENTS in southeast Europe take place in the second year of the struggle, far from the English channel, and thereby appear as a new development, somehow unrelated to the past. As a matter of fact, they represent a logical and historical consequence of the defeat of France five months ago. The transfer of Transylvania to Hungary and southern Dobrudja to Bulgaria, the emergence of the dictator Antonescu as chief of the Iron Guard in Rumania, the flight of King Carol and the arrest or escape of his associates, and now the arrival of German troops to the mouth of the Danube—all these events were made possible by the defeat of France, which was itself made possible by the isolation of Poland, the victory of fascist Spain, the great betrayal of Czechoslovakia. They mark the end of one epoch and the beginning of another: the obliteration of the Versailles treaty and the reorganization of Europe in the interests of German *grossraum-wirtschaft*.

Rumania, Yugoslavia, and Greece are the three southeastern European states which were either created or aggrandized by the Versailles treaty. Together with Czechoslovakia and Poland, they formed the outposts of the French continental system. The heart of that system overcome, the outposts are easily taken. Hungary and Bulgaria, on the losing side in the World War, now become the vassal outposts, together with Italy, of the new continental system. Pressure on Yugoslavia has already begun: Mussolini may revive his claim to the Dalmatian coast and Bulgaria will ask for the Macedonian valley. Greece has been served notice for an Italian route to Salonika, while Bulgaria undoubtedly expects to regain her port of Dedeagach on the Aegean Sea.

But territorial revisions are the manifestations of more fundamental changes. The fact is that the entire economy of Europe is being subordinated in the interests of German, and to a given extent, Italian imperialism. Alsace Lorraine has already been reincorporated in the Reich, which also retains its grip on the great Franco-Belgian industrial region north of the Seine. The Czech industrial areas have been absorbed, and likewise, Polish Silesia. Scandinavia has become a part of this closed circuit, except for its trade relations with the USSR. When axis economic specialists were reported two weeks ago to be discussing common currencies for Europe and similar matters, it was only to be expected that their attention would soon extend to the wealthy Danubian basin.

Even by 1938, within the shell of the Versailles political relations, Greater Germany (Austria and Czechoslovakia included) was the dominant economic factor in this region. In its Dec. 15, 1939, report, the Foreign Policy Association says that 46.6 percent of the exports of this area were going to the Reich, three-tenths along the Danube, two-fifths by rail, and the rest by sea. By that year also the Reich was supplying 45.9 percent of the imports of this area, while similar figures tell the same story for Turkey. Livestock, grain, hides, tobacco, bauxite (the aluminum ore), timber, and, most important —petroleum—is what Germany has been getting and continues to expect from this region. Rumanian oil production has fallen off badly since 1936, but in that year these oil wells (American, British, Dutch, and French by ownership) produced 8,704,000 tons, just equal to Germany's peacetime imports. Obviously, even though it will not satisfy all of Europe's wartime needs, the more thorough exploitation of these oil wells is a major motivation of the Nazi advance. Among the several speeches of Yugoslav officials on October 13, the communications minister, Nicholas Bestitch, told the real story: "Yugoslavia must please her neighbors," he said. "Germany is one of these neighbors and all our economic life is directed toward Germany. That is the living necessity and Yugoslavia's foreign policy must correspond."

BUT THE HEGEMONY of capitalist Europe will not of itself satisfy German imperialism. In normal times, Europe could not live on its own substance, and could only consume that substance—how much more quickly will it ravage itself in time of war? So long as capitalist property relations remain, whether under a single or multiple hegemony, Europe must struggle for outlets to the great oceans, and access to the South American and Asiatic resources. If it is true that Britain cannot long exist as an independent power while the continent of Europe is dominated by Germany, and therefore comes to depend decisively on the United States, it is also true that Germany cannot stabilize the continent and make war at the same time unless she breaks out of the blockade and gains control in the empires.

After the collapse of France there were two immediate alternatives: either truce, or a more intensified struggle on a world scale. A truce would have signified a fundamental defeat for British imperialism, and would have broken down as Germany accelerated the penetration of the empire under the cover of friendship. The second alternative—intensified war—impels Britain to give up key positions in her empire in return for the material support of the United States. But it also impels Germany and Italy to organize Europe more thoroughly and embark on a campaign against the "lifelines," the African and Near Eastern jugular veins of the empire. The unfolding of these inescapable and antagonistic objectives underlies the developments of the past three months and determines the immediate future.

IT IS CLEAR that Herr Hitler made a strenuous effort to secure the first alternative, the truce. The Compeigne armistice rather deliberately left the administrative control of the French empire in the hands of Frenchmen themselves, as though the Germans were thereby making a subtle offer to the British Tories. Such responsible American statesmen as Henry L. Stimson publicly despaired of England in the sixty days after the defeat of France. The imminent truce was the nightmare of American imperialist circles, for it might enable German industrial strength to complement British commercial advantage and seapower at the expense of American imperialism. In the third week of June, the secretary of the navy had decided to give Britain motor torpedo boats and submarine chasers, but at the last moment Mr. Roosevelt reversed him, evidently fearing that such a gift would only fall into Germany's lap. It was not until after Herr Hitler's speech on July 19 that the negotiations went forward through Colonel Donovan and other secret emissaries for the swap of American destroyers and British bases. In that speech Hitler protested that "it almost causes me pain to think that I should have been selected by fate to deal the final blow" to the British empire. From England, said he, he heard "one single cry . . . from the politicians, that the war must go on." This was an admission that the truce negotiations had failed; if they were still proceeding, Hitler would not, of course, have been talking about them. And on the first of August, Molotov observed to the Supreme

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IF THERE WERE NO NEW MASSES

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Soviet that "Germany has achieved great success but she has not achieved her principal objective—the termination of the war on terms she considers desirable."

Without investigating in detail why the British ruling class did not come to terms, at least this much is clear: a truce would only subordinate the position of British imperialism and lay the basis for a still more unequal struggle later on. Second, and perhaps decisive: pressure against such a development became ever more intense from the United States. Re-read Mr. Churchill's speeches since June, against the rapid unfolding of Mr. Roosevelt's policy toward Britain, and the answer is apparent. By September 30, the NY *Times* correspondent commented on the virtual alliance between Britain and the United States as follows: "The question is not the extent to which the two nations are working together, but the extent to which they are willing to say they are working together—and that is something for Washington, not London, to decide."

Clearly, Germany must either settle matters quickly by invasion, or else she must prepare for a larger and longer struggle. In the first days of September, coinciding curiously with the dispatch of the destroyers to Britain and the Hungarian occupation of Transylvania, the aerial warfare over London was intensified. After a month the *luftwaffe* had not yet achieved mastery of the air; the Nazi general staff was either unable or unwilling to pay the price of invasion attempt. The fierce German offensive was having a cumulative effect on British production, on communications and morale, but it has not sufficed to finish the war this year. The fascist alliance of September 27 therefore signified, as the NEW MASSES editorial of October 8 discussed in detail, the opening of "a new chapter . . . the new phase of the imperialist war."

THE AXIS OBJECTIVE in the Middle East involves much more than Egyptian cotton or the Syrian outlets of the Iraq oil fields. It is no less Napoleonic than control of the Suez, the Red Sea, the ultimate dominion of the routes to Asia. As elsewhere, the British position is defensive. England holds fast to Gibraltar but the Italian fleet operates from the Balearics (thanks to Mr. Chamberlain), and troops can move (with Serrano Suner's cooperation) into Africa through Spanish Morocco. In the central Mediterranean, the Italian position is even stronger, based upon Sardinia, the tip of Sicily, and excellent bases at Benghasi and Tobruk in Libya. British Malta is extremely vulnerable, and, judging from King George's condolences, has suffered heavily from air bombardments. It is in the eastern Mediterranean that the British position is quite superior. It relies on Crete, on Greek naval bases, on the vital island of Cyprus, the important port of Haifa in Palestine, and the main base at Alexandria. On the other hand, while Britain has been forced to tie her fleet to the island, the Italian navy is primarily a Mediterranean weapon. Churchill admitted in his speech of August 21 that "the defection of France has of course been deeply damaging to our position in what is called the Middle East." French naval forces were counted upon to offset Italian strength on the North African shore while French troops were supposed to assist Britain in the Somaliland and in the projected attack upon Libya. Paradoxically also, the royal navy's assault on the French forces at Oran has served merely to increase the ratio of Italian strength. Mussolini's air superiority in the Mediterranean is traditional, and from Leros in the Dodecanese islands off Turkey has been striking against Haifa with ease. On land, Mussolini's troops can come north from Ethiopia; his armies outnumber the British two to one, and in some places even four to one, while Marshal Graziani has already advanced two-fifths of the way toward Suez along the Egyptian coast despite shelling from offshore. Ralph Barnes, the NY *Herald Tribune* correspondent writes from Cairo on October 9: "Assuming it is worthwhile for Great Britain to hold her present position in Egypt and the Near East, a British government which failed to make heroic efforts to rush all possible reinforcements on land, in the air and on sea would be guilty of the wildest folly." Obviously then, if Germany and Italy can secure the use of naval and air bases in Greece, and if as some reports have it, the French will accommodate them in Syria, the British position, despite its forty years of experience will be definitely and even desperately defensive.

THE POLITICAL POSITION in the Near East is far more complicated, and will demand every ounce of British imperial strategy to sustain it. In the November 1940 issue of *Asia,* Albert Viton, a pro-British observer, paints a very pessimistic picture under the title "Nightmare in the Near East." It is not so much that the Arab leaders or the Arab peoples have been listening to the Italian radio from Bari, or to Von Papen's lorelei from Ankara. It is simply that after a half century of imperial rule, Britain now faces a new wave of independence movements among tribes, peoples, nations all the more certainly because their economic standards are being ground to pieces by the war. Whatever support comes from the Arab leaders is begrudging and hemmed in by the extraction of concessions, while the Arab people remember that during and after the last war the movement for Turkish, Iranian, Egyptian independence was harassed by the policies of Britain. King Farouk of Egypt and most of the Saadist party favor a strict neutrality; they have not yet declared war on Italy. Either they doubt that Graziani will ever cross the desert to the Nile or expect to deal with him when he does. Ibn Saud in Arabia extracts every concession he can for his support of the Crown. In Transjordania, the emir Abdullah remembers that the partition of Palestine was going to expand his territory and on that basis will support Britain. But in Palestine itself, even though the Zionist leadership has jumped into Churchill's pocket in the most shameful fashion, England can secure popular cooperation only by the most conflicting and transparent pledges to both sides, thereby preparing a veritable volcano in the Holy Land. Moreover, England's alliance with Turkey despite the millions of pounds in credits, is not at all certain. For it is not clear whether the Germans do plan a land campaign over the Bosphorus and the Turkish plateau. They may try an air and naval campaign based on Syria which would tend to separate Turkish and British forces. In the last war, Britain could count on the Armenians and Kurds, while T. E. Lawrence exploited the revolt in the desert to explode the old Turkish empire. Things are much different today. The whole Islamic world stands on the threshold of a new round of national revolutionary struggles directed against British rule. This fact is also the best guarantee against a simple Italian and German victory: for while it is true that Mussolini proclaims himself the protector of Islam, and negotiates with the exiled Grand Mufti, it is doubtful whether the Arab world is going to stand for an exchange of imperialist masters.

THE AMERICAN PRESS makes a special interpretation of these events with regard to the Soviet Union. The NY *Times* sings a requiem for the Soviet-German non-aggression pact in such tremulous tones that one might think the *Times* was simply jubilant over that pact in the first place. The older slander of "collaboration between fascism and Communism" has given way quite subtly to the newer thesis: the sinners are now suffering retribution for their sins! In the spirit of the priest at the confessional the *Times* is both reproachful and at the same time cannot conceal its satisfaction. When *Tass* declared that the USSR had not been informed of the aims and extent of the German troops' movements in Rumania, American newspapers blared the news from their headlines. But when *Tass* denied that negotiations were proceeding among Greece, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, Turkey and Britain, this news was so irritating that it was virtually buried. Clearly, nothing would please the New York *Times* more, and the circles whose interests it represents on both sides the Atlantic, than the irritation of Soviet-German relations.

On the other hand, it is true that the extension of the war into southeast Europe and the Mediterranean throws the relations of all powers and contending forces into complete solution. For the real problems may lie not so much in the immediate developments—the struggle for control of the eastern Mediterranean—but in their ultimate effects and implications. It becomes necessary then to re-read the experience of history, especially in regard to the foremost independent power in this area which is Turkey, as well as the traditional attitudes of British, German, and Soviet policy in the Middle East. This I propose to do in a succeeding article. JOSEPH STAROBIN.

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The Irrationals

The price the authors of surrender pay for their support of the war: the rejection of reason. "The sort of mumbo-jumbo that blisters the Berlin air-waves." Samuel Sillen's third article.

BY THEIR feverish repudiation of Marxism—just in the nick of time, as it were—the authors of surrender have no doubt earned a measure of delusive comfort. In times like these, they seem to feel, even the illusion of security is not to be scorned; and, to paraphrase Vincent Sheean, it is harrowing to sacrifice one's nickel a word for other people's grandchildren. But these writers are reckoning with an experienced bargainer who exacts a stiff price for his allurements. They are obliged, at the outset, to file certificates of intellectual bankruptcy.

For the further they remove themselves from Marxism, and from the international working class movement of which Marxist philosophy is the theoretical expression, the more nakedly do they reveal the poverty of their own ideas. A peculiar arrogance has distinguished the work of writers like Waldo Frank, Max Lerner, and Granville Hicks. They have ever been conscious of *their* contribution to the proletariat. In retrospect, one can see more clearly the smug assumption that it was *their* mission to bring light to the unreflecting masses. And their recent attacks on Marxism define the nature of that mission as they conceived it. Mr. Frank was to substitute mysticism for the scientific basis of socialism, under the guise of elevating our spiritual life; Max Lerner was to substitute opportunism for unflinching opposition to imperialism, under the guise of hard-headed practicality; and Mr. Hicks was to harmonize Leninism with more chaste and acquiescent precepts, under the guise of morality.

If arrogance were not so blinding, these men, and others with them, would long ago have perceived the truth that their intellectual stature and influence was in direct proportion to their borrowings of Marxism. Their writings were valid to the degree, and only to the degree, that they corrected the inherent bourgeois bias of their own thinking by adopting the outlook of the truly creative class in society. In the early Thirties, with the support of proletarian ideas, Waldo Frank was lifted a trifle from the murk of mysticism; Granville Hicks was rescued from the seductions of neo-Humanism; Malcolm Cowley was repatriated from the left bank of Paris. At the end of the decade, having renounced the source of whatever intellectual energy they possessed, they huddle shiveringly before a future in which they can detect nothing but gloom and chaos and defeat.

I should like to quote a penetrating comment on those intellectuals who at one time, disgusted with the muddle and decay of capitalism, bestowed their gratuitous pity on the proletariat. It was written by the brilliant young Marxist critic, Christopher Caudwell, who died fighting Hitler in Spain four years ago. In his *Studies in a Dying Culture,* Caudwell discusses the writer who sympathizes with workers as "ill-treated animals":

> And yet what leagues and leagues the bourgeois has yet to travel, even when arrived at this realization of the proletariat as the most suffering class, before he can understand the reality of the society in which he finds himself. For he has to understand that this most suffering and exploited class, this herd of ill-treated animals, is something very different, the sole creative force of contemporary society. This class which he comes to comfort and set free and relieve, has on the contrary the task of comforting and releasing and reviving him. These sufferers afflicted by war and capitalist anarchy and slumps are to fight and destroy those very evils. The world of his youth whose ruins he sees tumbling on them, is to be rebuilt and more largely planned by them. This humiliating knowledge, which can only be won against his instincts, by an insight into the structure of the social relations in which he lives, is the most difficult of all wisdoms for the bourgeois to attain.

And this most difficult of all wisdoms is resisted with every ounce of their failing strength by the Franks, Lerners, and Hickses of our day.

In the strange gibberish of Waldo Frank may be found one appalling consequence of abandoning "the sole creative force of contemporary society." Mr. Frank is the least abashed spokesman for that rejection of reason which is the inevitable symptom of a class in decay. In the most vigorous and creative period of capitalism, the best thinkers of the bourgeoisie waged an incessant struggle against feudal forms of thought. They counterposed materialism to supernaturalism, science to mysticism, consciousness to blind instinct. In its period of decline and collapse, capitalism turns against its early spokesmen and seeks, like feudalism before it, to perpetuate an obsolete and irrational existence with philosophical muddle. The best traditions of bourgeois thought are championed, sometimes at great personal cost, by the writers who speak for the working class. The Encyclopedists who inspired the progressive bourgeoisie of the eighteenth century are banned by the Petain reaction today; and editions of Diderot edited by Marxists are publicly burned. Eddington and Jeans, ideologues of a dying ruling class, renounce the English materialists of a former epoch; and J. B. S. Haldane, the Marxist, becomes a national leader in the fight to preserve scientific tradition. The Nazi minister of education wants to draw his revolver when he hears the word culture; and Big Business turns its guns first on the Federal Theater Project and the public schools. By contrast, as Joshua Kunitz showed in last week's NEW MASSES, there has been a cultural efflorescence in the Soviet Union breathtaking in its scope and grandeur. I was struck last year by the fact that while the Daladier government virtually ignored the Zola anniversary, that event assumed the proportions of a national holiday in the Soviet Union.

To be sure, Waldo Frank, in his *Chart for Rough Waters,* professes the heartiest contempt for the Nazis and the most zealous concern for culture. But as one follows his tortuous exposition, one is impressed with the resemblance which it bears to the writings of Heidegger, Spengler, Werner Sombart, and others whose ideas, or anti-ideas, have been incorporated in the official Nazi creed. There is the identical attack on what Sombart calls "comfortism" (Lewis Mumford's Economy of Comfort); the identical attack on "mechanolotrous optimism" and historical materialism. There is a similar exaltation of feeling over thought, of the "tragic sense of life," of guilt and redemption. And, of course, there is the same vilification of Soviet socialism.

Mr. Frank speaks bitterly of Voltaire and the writers of the Age of Reason; he denounces Friedrich Engels for elaborating the *scientific* basis of socialism. Sinful man, he tells us, can achieve salvation only by grace, by an "organic integration in the eternal." Since Mr. Frank rejects capitalism, and socialism because it grew out of capitalism, the "Great Tradition" to which he would have us return sounds a great deal like that "medieval synthesis" of feudalism to the overthrow of which heroic men in all lands gave their best energies. In a recent issue of the *Nation,* Mr. Frank observed, with his customary contempt for his benighted fellowmen, that the success of the fascists is due to "the regressive passion *in all men* to sink backward into the slime and the shadows." (Mr. Frank's italics.) But the regressive passion is in himself. He would have us undo not only the Russian Revolution but the Industrial Revolution and the French Revolution as well. And his sublime appeal to us is that we fight "in detached awareness of the ignobility of our civilization, of the filth under our slick culture, and of our greatness because of the God that is in us." And again: "The price of our high destiny as man is to be humble before the dark we have created—which, by our humility, may become creative." This is the sort of mumbo-jumbo that blisters the Berlin airwaves. It is a heavy groan from the depths, a dismaying revelation of the perversions of which man's word-making talent is capable.

There is a significant emphasis on the concept of "the irrational" in the recent writings of pro-war intellectuals. Max Lerner

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emerges from Pareto with a marked awareness of "the irrational depths in men." Waldo Frank reminds us that we have been human for only a few stumbling ages, brutes for many aeons. Lewis Mumford is much possessed by what he calls the Yahoo within us. No phrase has become more fashionable than "The Myth of the Reasoning Man." And this emphasis on irrationality is coupled with other doctrines expressing a deep distrust of the common man. Mr. Mumford, having discovered "the profound truth" of the doctrine of original sin, describes "the collective psychosis that has seized the peoples of Germany and Italy and Japan and Russia . . ." (and elsewhere in his work, France and Britain and America). Max Lerner advises intellectuals that while they must not "alienate" themselves from the mass, they must not "follow" the mass. Waldo Frank berates the rank-and-file workers of England for failing to call a general strike during the Spanish war because "their hearts were lily-white and their heads were lily-weak."

But the irrationality, the softness, the sinfulness, the demoralization which these writers increasingly attribute to the people are maladies which they themselves suffer; and they can be cured only by the common people of the earth whose intelligence they deeply despise. What is irrational and regressive in the world today is not man or the impulses of man, but a convulsive organization of society based on class exploitation. The forces which drive toward war, and to fascism through war, cannot endure the test of reason. And for intellectuals the basic fact of the present situation is that in so far as one gives comfort to these forces one is compelled to suppress reason, truth, and imagination.

For example, to urge us into the war, Lewis Mumford resorts to racism and to what Irwin Edman has properly compared to Nazi blood-thinking. While recognizing "brave tendencies" in German life, Mr. Mumford speaks of the German's "savage irrationality," of the "pathology of the German mind." Incapable of a rational analysis of Marxism, he turns, in a huff, to the following: "In short, Marx was a German, and only a handful of German thinkers have ever had even a glimmer of the meaning of freedom." What depths of ignorance and prejudice are revealed by that "in short"! In his fanaticism, Mr. Mumford embraces the Nazi myth that Hitlerism is the logical culmination of German culture, the logical expression of the German people.

Archibald MacLeish has similarly been driven, inexorably, into the position of rationalizing the irrational. I have already referred to Mr. MacLeish's attack on scientific history, which Professor Charles A. Beard has characterized in these words:

> Mr. MacLeish condemns the historians for using "hindsight" in writing of that war [world war I] and for failing to treat the war in the terms of a war for democracy. The hard truth is that in the thousands of pages of documents recording the transactions of Tsarist Russia, for instance, the war is not presented as a war for democracy. Would Mr. MacLeish have the historians say that, in spite of such evidence and more of it from the archives of other belligerents, it *was* a war for democracy and nothing else? (*Friday*, Sept. 26, 1940.)

The answer is, of course, that Mr. MacLeish would; for only a falsification of history can bring it in line with his present purpose. Professor Beard, whose intelligence has not been destroyed by the war fever, is justifiably shocked.

And it is interesting to note, as another example of rampant irrationality, the kind of influence that Mr. MacLeish's views are exerting. *Harper's Magazine* for September reports that following Mr. MacLeish's "feminization" speech last May, the Harper office was flooded with manuscripts on the same theme by "writers of reputation." The article by Roy Helton on "The Inner Threat: Our Softness" is featured as representative. Mr. Helton's thesis is that Western life in the past twenty-five years has been corrupted by the feminine influence. In their appeasement policy, "both France and Britain have acted on a female pattern and on a female philosophy." Women, Mr. Helton assures us, are all right in their proper place and function, "But biological and economic realities,

"Where the devil is she going now?"

A. Jamison

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as ancient as humanity, compel them to a selection of values of prime importance to themselves: shelter, comfort, and every attainable advantage for their young." This is bad for the health of the state. We need to restore the unique male values of "enterprise, adventure, and power." Thus, *Harper's* candidate as the star disciple of Archibald MacLeish merely paraphrases the advice of Maria Diers, a Nazi writer: "Hitler does not need us women now, for the fight in which he stands demands spirit, courage, and character. . . . We are only in the way."

The intellectual abdication of other writers is less obvious but equally appalling. Max Lerner, for example, is shrewd enough to realize that mysticism and moral harangue will not, of themselves, move a generation that wants to stick to the facts. Instead of tossing Marxism out the window, therefore, he attempts to manipulate it for his own purposes. Like the revisionist Eduard Bernstein, whose "streamlined Marxian theory" he once cited, Mr. Lerner retains the phraseology of socialism and he knifes its meaning.

In a series of articles for the *Nation* on "The War as Revolution," Mr. Lerner developed the view that we are witnessing "something very close to a world revolution," of which the war is an expression. This is not a revolution from below, as the Marxists had falsely predicted. That revolution, he assures the reader, "may have its chance again in another generation." But once he has indefinitely postponed the transfer of state power from a minority to a majority, Mr. Lerner is free to toss his favorite word "revolution" around with irrepressible abandon. There are five revolutionary forces abroad in the world, and "we" must vie with Hitler in organizing them. Since the "we" cannot be the working classes of various lands—they will have their chance next generation—it turns out that intellectuals must in effect see to it that Mr. Roosevelt organizes the revolutionary forces through what Mr. Lerner calls "the affirmative state." American intellectuals, he says, must stop talking nonsense about a war between imperialisms: only Nazi imperialism is dangerous today. Randolph Bourne, writes Mr. Lerner, may have been right in 1917 when he urged intellectuals to oppose the war machine; but things are different today, and intellectuals ought not to isolate themselves from the great opportunities which the war offers to create socialism via the affirmative capitalist state.

There are only two difficulties with Mr. Lerner's analysis: (1) It does not correspond to the facts, and (2) it leads to fascism rather than to socialism. Mr. Lerner is intrigued with what is apparently a Machiavellian scheme to capture capitalism from the top. Like Walter Lippmann in the last war, he presents himself to us as a practical idealist who will work himself up near the controls and then steer the state in the right direction. Indeed, Mr. Lerner has already persuaded himself that Britain has effected a "far-reaching transformation toward a revolutionary democracy" with the aid of "labor intellectuals" like Morrison, Bevin, and Attlee and the assistance of "an aristocrat like Churchill." But he is obliged to admit that this "transformation" is incomplete: "Labor is still on the margin of power rather than at its center." Being on the margin may be comforting to Mr. Lerner, but it hardly insures the British working class a definition of war aims (even at this date) or effective air raid shelters, or control over industry. It is no more consolation to have trade union rights suspended under Labor Minister Bevin than it is to have labor contracts awarded to Bethlehem Steel under the watchful eyes of our own "labor intellectual," Sidney Hillman.

One of the intellectuals whom Max Lerner mentions with pride is Harold Laski. A little over a year ago, Mr. Laski wrote, in NEW MASSES:

> Our problem is to make the British working class realize in time that in a choice between capitalism and democracy, their masters have no doubt that they prefer capitalism; that they will smash the constitution into pieces if it stands in the way of their privileges. No other lesson seems to me so clear in the post-war years.

This was a lucid statement of a profound truth. Over many years the British ruling class has developed the technique of smothering labor with its embraces. Mr. Laski once knew that, and so did Mr. Lerner. But with all their sneers at Ramsay MacDonald they emulate his traitorous course. At the moment when their critical opposition to reaction is most necessary, they discover "revolutionary" reasons for supporting reaction.

In the *Nation* for September 21, Mr. Lerner wrote that "The first victim of the war crisis has been the New Deal program of progressive legislation. The second victim is likely to be, in large measure, civil liberties." So far so good; an excellent statement of the facts. But in the *New Republic for the same week* Mr. Lerner declares his intention to vote for Roosevelt on the ground that we need to confront "corporate concentration" with a government "more powerful than the corporations." Does Mr. Lerner mean that Roosevelt is also a revolutionary Machiavellian, and that his alliance with Knudsen and Stettinius is part of a plot to strengthen the "government" against the "corporations"? Or that the "affirmative" government of the present administration, this organizer of world revolutions, was too weak to withstand attacks on progressive legislation and civil liberties that it really desired? Or that his burning passion for socialism will be advanced by expressing, as he recently did, his "admiration for the vigor and realism" of Thurman Arnold? Mr. Lerner started out to organize an "independent left"; he winds up by furnishing pseudo revolutionary apologies for a war administration.

The feeblest voice in the cacophonous chorus of ex-Marxists has been that of Granville Hicks. Mr. Hicks also dreamed of an "independent left." And he started out in a modest way to reconstruct the socialist front by sending out a mimeographed bulletin to a handful of select spirits. One of his correspondents, more appreciative than most of the others, thanked Mr. Hicks for running a "Marxist lonely-hearts column." But "we could find no argument on a minimum program," Mr. Hicks confessed in the *New Republic,* and the venture collapsed. As a result of the soul-searching which it apparently stimulated, Mr. Hicks has emerged with a weighty moral critique of Marxism.

One difficulty with Marxism, he tells us, is that it fails to give a psychological explanation of why a man should be "loyal to his class—or, since Socialists have so often come from the bourgeoisie, to somebody else's class." Mr. Hicks is undoubtedly in a better position to speak authoritatively on this delicate question, and I should prefer to waive the point. On the central point of his recent article in the *Nation,* Mr. Hicks is so egregiously wrong that one recalls only with pained bewilderment that he once considered himself a Marxist. He flatly claims that in all of Lenin's writings "there is scarcely a lapse into moral indignation, hardly a word that can be said to imply a moral judgment." Either Mr. Hicks has never read Lenin—which seems incredible—or he has never understood a single word that Lenin wrote.

For the truth is that in all of Lenin's writings there is the most passionate indignation, the most outraged sense of morality, at the corruption of human values under a profit-mad economy: the most fervent denunciations of the brutal denigration of culture, science, family life, racial equality, sympathy, and love under an organization of society that is based on exploitation and war: the most generous vision of a society in which humanity will be liberated from the ignorance, hate, and suffering on which capitalism is based. And this passion for the good life—for all men and women—makes a pathetic mockery of Mr. Hicks' assertion that Lenin's concept of morality was based on a "military code." It was based, as Mr. Hicks' own quotation shows, on a vision of Promethean deliverance, a vision so clear and intense that it was resolved to utilize all the energies of mankind for its realization.

It is not the Marxists who are irrational, impractical, immoral. It is rather the inexorable cycles of depressions and wars produced by a social order which the Marxists wish to convert into an association, on a world scale, of free and equal peoples. It is rather those intellectuals who, in the moment of historic crisis, obstruct the birth of a rational world by rushing to the defense of a proven hell.

SAMUEL SILLEN.

In his fourth and concluding article, Mr. Sillen will discuss those intellectuals who are standing by their inheritance of progressive reason and are courageously confronting the problems and decisions that events are imposing upon them.

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The Voorhis Blacklist

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT once criticized the rawness of Martin Dies' persecution of progressives. Rep. Jerry Voorhis of California, as a "liberal" member of Martin's committee, also felt squeamish about the Texan's overtly illegal tactics. So Mr. Voorhis got a bill through Congress, and Mr. Roosevelt signed it last week, which makes such persecution "legal." The Voorhis Registration Act, as it is known, is ostensibly aimed at organizations "subject to foreign control"—requiring them to file lists of members and contributors, and other detailed material, with the Department of Justice. "Foreign control" is an ominous phrase in these patrioteering days. In the Voorhis bill, it is also conveniently broad. It could, for example, be stretched to cover trade unions and all groups that oppose involvement in war. Certainly the filing of membership lists can result in a tremendous blacklist, longer and more dangerous even than those being compiled against citizens who took the legal, progressive step of signing Communist Party ballot petitions.

Coudert-Rapp Inquisition

A SIMILARLY crucial principle of democracy and trade unionism is at stake in the persecution of the New York Teachers Union, Local 5, by the Rapp-Coudert investigating committee. New York's little Dies committee was hastily formed in the late hours of the State Legislature's last session. It was railroaded through by reactionaries whose attack on state aid to education had been successfully opposed by a coalition of popular forces led by the Teachers Union.

The committee has already moved to subpena all the records of the Teachers Union, *including the membership rolls.* The obvious purpose of this outrageous demand is to intimidate teachers and to provide a blacklist for the enemies of teachers. The AFL and the CIO have been aroused by this effort to seize membership lists. As Elmer Brown, president of Typographical Union No. 6, pointed out at an emergency meeting of trade unions held last week, a victory of reaction in this fight would lead to the crippling of the American trade union movement. If the Rapp-Coudert group succeeds in establishing a precedent, no union or other progressive organization will be safe from destructive inquisitions. But labor is seeing to it that such a precedent will not be established. Charles Hendley, president of Local 5, has refused to turn over his union's membership lists and is now facing a contempt citation.

It is instructive to note that President Green of the AFL and President Counts of the American Federation of Teachers are now faced with the disastrous results of their own Red-baiting policies. They have given comfort to the enemies of education and labor by their attacks on Local 5 and their threats to issue a dual charter in New York. This policy of appeasing the Rapps and Couderts has now resulted in a grave threat to every AFL union.

The Rapp-Coudert blacklist procedure is an extension of the principle embodied in the Voorhis act. It is part of the nationwide effort of reaction to pry into the personal affairs of American citizens with a view to curbing their democratic rights and activities. The fight of Local 5 has become a test case of the first importance. The membership has pitched into the fight with enthusiasm, and it expects the citizens of New York to cooperate with the energy they displayed last year in the campaign against cuts in the educational budget.

Bankers' Draft Boards

OUR worst fears concerning the personnel of the draft boards are being confirmed. Reports from various parts of the country indicate that in state after state the boards are being packed with representatives of big business and notorious enemies of labor. We have already discussed the situation in Michigan and the city of Washington. In Ohio the recent CIO state convention protested against the reactionary appointments to the boards. In New York, the Social Register has been raided in the search for "qualified" citizens. The New York *Herald Tribune* reports that at the personal insistence of Colonel McDermott, city draft administrator, and Mayor LaGuardia, a World War regulation that board members must live within the area in which they serve has been canceled because "in slum areas during the World War drafts it was next to impossible to find high-type citizens to serve on the boards." That is why not a single one of LaGuardia's former constituents in Harlem has been chosen for the draft board at Public School No. 85, 346 E. 117th St. Instead, three well-to-do residents of the West Yorkville section will make the supreme sacrifice of choosing the poor who will do the dying in Wall Street's next war.

Rep. Vito Marcantonio of New York has denounced as "the rankest form of discrimination" the manner in which the draft boards are being selected. The American Peace Mobilization has proposed an eight-point program to protect the civil and economic rights of conscripts and their families. It is calling on its local peace councils to set up people's rights committees in every section of the country to enlist public sentiment behind this program. More than ever it is clear that the conscription law is a threat to American democracy; it should be repealed.

Flouting the Labor Laws

SIDNEY HILLMAN is using the old Herbert Hoover dodge of "further study" to stall off labor's demand that government contracts be denied violators of the federal labor laws. Mr. Hillman, who nominally represents labor on the National Defense Commission, has turned over to a standing committee of his Advisory Labor Policy Committee a seventeen-page petition presented him last Saturday by the Steel Workers Organizing Committee. The petition asks forcefully that employers who receive government orders be made to observe the law. It recites the shameful history of Mr. Hillman's and the administration's complete reneging on their stated "policy" of awarding contracts only to law-abiding firms, and demands executive action reaffirming and making good that policy. All the facts in this document are well known to Hillman.

Why, then, did he have to give it to two attorneys to mull over? Why do the members of his standing committee have to "study" it before taking action? In particular, why must they study it for two weeks—time enough for practically all remaining war orders to be handed out? The answer, obviously, is implicit in the question itself.

A recent ruling by Acting Comptroller General Elliott rather upsets Roosevelt's excuse for his own inaction: that a law is required, since the administration itself lacks the power, to withhold contracts from the lawbreakers. In fact, Mr. Elliott holds that Wagner act violators can be denied contracts entered into by competitive bidding as well as by negotiation. His ruling, however, is ambiguous. It certainly does not say that contracts *should* be withheld from firms that sin against the Wagner act—and it leaves as a matter of policy the question whether procurement agencies are to be bound by lowest-bidder considerations.

Pot and Kettle Again

AFTER weeks of solo performance Wendell Willkie at last will be able to enjoy some close harmony with his alter ego, Franklin D. Roosevelt. The President has finally ended the mummery of "non-political" military inspections tours and this week has begun a series of five frankly political talks in behalf of his own candidacy. He told the press that he was moved to take to the hustings by "a systematic program of falsification of fact by the opposition." Since the "opposition" has gone out of its way to endorse both the foreign and domestic policies of the administration, the program of falsification must be bi-partisan. It is widely bruited that actually the White House is getting worried by the gains Willkie is reported to be making. These gains offer an inkling of what a genuine anti-war candidate could do or even one who would risk exploiting this issue to the full demagogically. The New York *World-Telegram* of October 16 reports:

One of Ohio's most successful Republican leaders

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was asked what Willkie could say that would make the most votes for him in this state.

"Oppose the draft," was the answer.

The politicians are aware . . . that anti-war feeling now centered in the draft may express itself in a protest vote against the administration.

And John O'Donnell writes in the October 21 issue of the *Daily News* that in the farm belt "Willkie is going great guns . . . for the simple reason the people are convinced that Willkie is less likely to get the nation into war than is FDR."

Here is the fruit of even such gingerly playing on anti-war sentiment as Willkie has indulged in. But, as the Springfield, Mass., *Republican* pointed out in a recent editorial announcing its support of Roosevelt: "He [Willkie] denounces the administration for leading us 'nearer' to war. Yet, at the same time, he approves the acts of the administration by which we are brought nearer to war. . . ."

Add Theft of the Ballot

THE theft of the ballot grows as election day draws nearer. In New York, as we go to press, the state Supreme Court is holding a hearing on a suit brought by American Legion officials to bar the Communist Party from the ballot. These officials claim that the signatures on the party's ballot petition are invalid as the signers were not informed of the Communist nature of the petition. To support that charge, Legionnaires in twenty-eight upstate counties have "gone to work" on the signers—whose names the Hearst *Journal and American* and Albany *Knickerbocker News* conveniently published—in an effort to frighten them into repudiating their signatures. Various threats have been used: loss of jobs or relief, detention camps, revoking of citizenship, etc. It seems that the boys have taken a lesson from Pittsburgh (see Simon Gerson's article on page 11 of this issue). On the first day of the New York court hearing, Legion attorneys subpenaed two hundred petition signers of Greene County and brought them to the county court house in Catskill. To "accommodate" these "witnesses," Supreme Court Justice Murray granted Legion attorney Birnbaum's request to move the hearings from Albany to Catskill. The justice also obliged Mr. Birnbaum by holding up the printing of Communist Party ballots.

Behind these vigilante maneuvers can be seen a very "practical" tactic on the part of the New York Democratic administration. A shift of less than 2 percent of the vote may swing the state into the Willkie or Roosevelt camp. Earl Browder, the Communist presidential candidate, has given proper publicity to an article in the Democratic Jewish paper, the *Day*, of October 11, which reveals the strategy of the Roosevelt forces. According to Joel Slonim, writer of the article, Mr. Flynn "is convinced that Browder will not be a candidate. . . . He said that all the signatures on Browder's petitions would be carefully investigated." And Mr. Slonim, a close associate of Flynn, declared that "The Democrats believe, though they are not sure about it, that should Browder be taken off the ballot all the Communists, or at least a large part, would be compelled to vote for Roosevelt."

Meanwhile the New York WPA administration bends its energies to forcing a solid Democratic vote from WPA workers. How? By spying and browbeating, third-degreeing workers as to their political beliefs ("How did you vote last year? How will you vote this year? Do you know any radicals?"—and so on). On the surface the grilling is intended to smoke out "subversives" but the moral is made plain: vote Democratic.

The thieves of the ballot are going too far, however. Newspapers of October 20, for example, carried a forthright protest against interference with ballot rights signed by 278 outstanding clergymen of twenty-one denominations from thirty-seven states. Dashiell Hammett, chairman of the Committee on Election Rights—1940, appeared before the Special Senate Committee on Campaign Expenditures to urge that the Communist Party's right of ballot be safeguarded. The committee also heard of the New York WPA's sabotage of free suffrage from William Levner, president of the WPA Teachers Union Local 453. And it is good to report that despite all the gangsterism against the Communist Party it is now on the ballot in some twenty-five states with more expected before the elections.

Flying Boats and War Aims

ALL sorts of signs point to new measures by Mr. Roosevelt to assist Britain. Newspapers in London are speculating about the arrival of flying boats, the long distance bombers whose dispatch the William Allen White committee demands with renewed persistence. Lord Lothian, the British ambassador, returned last week to London evidently for conversations which the cables couldn't carry. The Earl of Athlone, Canada's governor general, was closeted with the President during a right royal week-end at Hyde Park. And Mr. Willkie chooses this moment to ask, in a special statement from St. Louis, whether there is "any substance to the stories" that imminent "material aid to Britain" awaits "only the approval of the President?" Mr. Willkie seems to have both nose and ear to the ground.

Meanwhile the demand for a clear definition of war aims has spread throughout England like wildfire. It is significant that just when the Ministry of Information considers the danger of invasion past, the British people insist upon knowing what they fight for. Slogans like "defense of democracy" and "survival" satisfy no one, for if the invasion attempt is over, Britain is surviving. Nor does the entrance of three "Socialists" into the War Cabinet convince the masses that democracy is either defended or extended. In this very week, Churchill proposed to continue for another year the term of the present Parliament, which was elected in November 1935—a long time ago! The newly christened leader of the Tory party stubbornly evades the definition of war aims. We are not "fighting merely to maintain the status quo," says Churchill . . . "but among other things, to survive. When our capacity to do that is more generally recognized throughout the world then we will be in a good position to take a further view of what we will do with the victory when it comes." Churchill is still strumming on the emergency motif, at the same time delicately reminding Mr. Roosevelt that Britain's "capacity to survive" deserves more assistance. Americans will naturally ask themselves: if, in the midst of a terrible bombardment, the British people insist that vague generalizations do not make a banner for battle, why should we permit these same generalizations to camouflage the Roosevelt administration's preparation for war?

The Old Oil Story

IT TOOK the Roosevelt administration three years to ban the export of aviation gasoline to Japan, and then only because big business was itself preparing America for war. All during that time Japan was fueling her bombers for their deadly work over China with American gasoline, and storing away some fifteen million barrels of it. Even now that aviation gasoline is placed under license, all other types of petroleum can be sold for the lubrication of Japan's trucks and tanks. In the same week that the opening of the Burma road was hailed as a sign of Anglo-American non-cooperation with Japanese aggression, comes the news that the Royal Dutch Shell and the Standard-Vacuum Oil companies—British and American controlled—have contracted to supply Japan with *seven million barrels of oil in the next six months* from their Netherlands Indies oil fields—one-fourth of Japan's annual needs. This was also the week in which Italian planes bombed the Bahrein island oil fields in the Persian gulf, which are owned by the Texas and Standard of California Oil companies; *their full production has been flowing to Japan since 1932.* And while hundreds of trucks filled with munitions were racing over the Burma road, bombarded according to Tokyo reports by Japanese planes fueled with American gasoline, the story came out that Britain has kept the passage of supplies and munitions at Hongkong barred to China and does not intend to open this route at all. The N. Y. *Times* for October 19 reports that the British-owned Hongkong Mines Ltd. just shipped 2,300 tons of lead concentrate to Japan, pursuing a trade that has been going on for months. What on earth is the value of embargoing gasoline from this country when American business men can sell it from Batavia? What's the good of preparing Hongkong as a base for American submarines, or taking over Singapore itself when—by the cooperation of British and American business men—Japan entrenches herself in Indo-China better to carry her invasion into China, and ultimately the East Indies?

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Readers' Forum

USA-USSR Collaboration

I AM neither an "Interventionist" nor an "Isolationist." I am an Internationalist. That is to say, what is best internationally seems to me more important than what is good for one nationality at the expense of others. What is good for the great majority of countries is more important than what is good for one country alone and what is good for the great majority of the people in those countries more important than what is good for the privileged class of a single country. Nazi nationalism, I feel, can best be counteracted, not by some other narrow nationalism, but by internationalism.

For forty years I have been devoting myself to the study of the wholesome international influences in literature, in culture in general, in the peace movement, and in the labor movement. During the World War of 1914-18, we strove in the People's Council of America to lay the foundations of an international organization for collective security. Even before that war was over we were the first to point out the danger of the fascist movement already springing up in Italy. Long before Hitler came into power we warned other countries against the growth of the Nazis in Germany. Ours was a League against War and Fascism, because we already realized that fascism meant war. For years we urged, as the Soviet Union did, progressive sanctions and concerted action against the menace of the Rome-Berlin-Tokyo imperialist aggressors.

Our warnings were not merely ignored by the powers-that-be in England and in France and in America, but were condemned by the forces of reaction in all these countries.

Self-appointed "experts" on international affairs, who have never lived abroad or come to know the workers there, are constantly expressing "surprise" at the way Hitler or Petain or Laval have acted. This is really an admission of their own ignorance and the shallowness in their analysis of the international situation and of the internal class struggle.

British tories who have failed in their intervention to save the smaller European countries, now hope that the United States will intervene to save England. Railing against American isolation, they have themselves succeeded in isolating the British Isles. In vain they expect that those of us who are descended from the American Revolutionists under George Washington will forswear our Declaration of Independence from George III, and in its place swear a Declaration of Allegiance to George VI. If this be treason, make the most of it.

The forces of reaction in England and France and America have again and again betrayed their kinship to Hitler and their distrust of any real democracy. It was not Chamberlain but Winston Churchill who only a year ago last Armistice Day said: "I have always said that if Great Britain were defeated in war I hope we shall find a Hitler to lead us back to our rightful position among the nations." It was the *Army and Navy Journal* of last month which approved for America "a system comparable to that of Nazi Germany." Their point of view is much closer to the mentality of Hitler than to that of Abraham Lincoln. They pretend to be fighting for "the democracies," yet they betray their lack of faith in the common people by decrying "the weakness of democracy." Instead of seeking to improve the lot of the working classes, they are panicky about preserving what they call "civilization as we have known it," which seems to mean the special privileges that they have themselves enjoyed. They use the phrase "freedom of enterprise" as a camouflage for the profit system, meaning their own freedom to exploit the workers under a laissez-faire system. They hope that from this world war millionaires may increase sevenfold as they did in the last war. They want others to make "the supreme sacrifice" so that they themselves can make the supreme gain. They measure the losses of war by the lives of others and the gains of war by their own profits.

These war propagandists are making use of certain liberals to give a much-needed tone of idealism to their propaganda in order to make it more palatable—in other words, to play the role that Woodrow Wilson played in the previous World War—that of easing those into war, with a glow of nobility, who could not have been dragooned into it by hard-boiled militarism.

They hope that the youth movement and the labor movement will fall for this ballyhoo again. College professors, who have been trying to teach rich young men to make the world safe for capitalism, now want to send their students from the campus to the camp, thereby indicating their lack of faith in education. Manufacturers, eager for conscripting labor, betray their intentions of crushing the power of the trade unions.

They say that it is later than we think, that it is too late for us to escape, but it is not too late for youth and labor to awake. We are tired of follies and fallacies and failures. When we will not swallow the bait so easily a second time, our would-be masters grow hysterical with wrath. They foam at the mouth against the "cynicism of youth" and the "radicalism of labor."

It is not too late for the young men and women, for the workers, and for the genuine intellectuals of the United States to establish, on a basis of real equality, collective security with the other American republics and with the four hundred millions in China and the two hundred millions of the Soviet Union. These gigantic forces, uniting with smaller nations and combining with the masses of workers oppressed by the fascists can still form a great international power able to withstand the aggression of all the imperialists and to enforce peace and democracy.

H. W. L. DANA.

Boston, Mass.

Sequel

TO NEW MASSES: The story reported in my article in NEW MASSES October 15 has already begun its sequel with my "dismissal" on October 11.

You may be interested in the following details: After the publicity in connection with my father's disowning me, the administration spent about two weeks trying secretly to "cook up" grounds for firing me—that is, grounds which would save them the trouble of stating their real reasons. At the meeting of the Board of Regents of the University of California I was handed two typewritten pages of evidence of this character and asked whether I had anything to say. The charges were absolutely fantastic and easily answered. The Regents asked me no questions. In fact I was the only one to speak during the ten minutes I was in the room. Before calling me in the Regents had argued for two hours and they continued for an hour and a half afterward. My guess is that they were arguing about whether to fire me on some irrelevant grounds or openly use the case as a blow against the Communists. That they chose the latter is significant. In their written statement they said that my "services . . . be dispensed with immediately." Actually they are paying my salary in full to July 1, 1940 in order to avoid legal action. The case has had a good response on and off campus. The student daily published a strong editorial entitled "An Ominous Decision" and protests are beginning to come in. I taught two classes after the Regents' decision and my students were very sympathetic. We are going to fight the case by every possible means and want to see resolutions and protests pour in from all over the country. I am replying to the Regents with charges that they are using the prestige of their positions and the University for political purposes (their favorite charge against the liberals), sacrificing the interests of the University to their political ends and violating the democratic principles upon which the University is supposed to be based.

KENNETH MAY.

Berkeley, Calif.

Foreign Policy

TO NEW MASSES: I certainly agree with you that a realistic American foreign policy, devoid of fantasies and bogeys, demands a readjustment in the State Department's attitude toward the Soviet Union. If Hitler wins in Europe and Japan in Asia, our present policy seems aimed to create all the enemies possible. The State Department's attitude toward the Soviets in the past 23 years has always been a reliable test of the Administration's policy toward the American people. If we are to defend ourselves against fascism, let us come to an understanding with the only great power which has nothing to gain and everything to lose from fascism's triumph.

HARVEY O'CONNOR.

Chicago, Ill.

Complaint

TO NEW MASSES: In your movie review of *City for Conquest,* (NM October 8) your critic says: "I do not know whether Kandel's novel is as sentimental as the film; if so it is a bad novel, for the screen play that has been made from it is a bad film."

I read *City for Conquest* when it was first published in 1936, and thought it one of the best novels that had been written about New York. I reread it this year, and I still think so. The characterization is consistently realistic, and the background treated with honesty. Both of these things preclude sentimentality.

That a sentimental movie was developed is no surprise, however. It would have been astonishing if the producers had given movie-goers a break and kept the original qualities of the novel, since it is well known that nine out of ten books are hacked to bits by Hollywood, often over the author's bloody head.

City for Conquest is one good reason why it's dangerous and unfair to establish the precedent of appraising novels from their screen versions. These are too often the result of the wishful thinking of their producers as to what the American movie public wants.

LOUISE HOFFMAN.

New York.

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Who Owns Our Presidents?

William Blake reviews Matthew Josephson's book on the men who put the politicos in the White House. . . . Frank J. Wallace discusses "This War and Your Money."

THE PRESIDENT MAKERS, *by Matthew Josephson. Harcourt, Brace. $3.75.*

THE name of Matthew Josephson is a warrant of intelligent, laborious, and inspired research, of felicitous style, of continuing charm in exposition, and of a cunning manufacture of the varied and uneven ingredients of history. For, after all, written history is architechtonic, and Josephson excels in rounded presentations. Throughout the book there is a current of sympathy for the champions of temporarily lost causes, such as those of lower middle class, poor farmers, and workers. Nor, in personal description, does he succumb to the temptation to judge statesmen from the vantage point of their completed actions. He realizes that though this canon is valid for appraisal, it is not necessarily so for subjective description. The subjective portrait of Theodore Roosevelt is typical. There the merchant aristocrat, demagogue, alleged defender of commonalty against plutocratic plunder, servile messenger of these same plutocrats, crusader for middle class radicalism and yet skeptic of the masses, chase each other through his fluctuating psyche, grazing the borders of insincerity but rarely passing them. Wilson, too, dreamer of a formal ratification of human unity, is portrayed as schemer and a relentless dragoon of political dissenters, and yet as a pathetic victim of his own illusions, falling into paralysis by his own contradictions. Certainly the interpenetration of political government by the industrial barons and their mirror government at Washington (as under Hanna) is vividly contrasted with the glimmerings of social conscience under Theodore Roosevelt and Wilson, due to the growing resistance of a doomed middle class. Nor do these mighty pictures dwarf those of minor actors. A man of such "culture" as William Howard Taft is shown in his tory futility in the dramatic representation of Ballinger and the timber steals. One thinks of Casimir-Perier, so rich in liberal tradition, broken on the wheel of the Dreyfus case, or of Winston Churchill lending his administrative talent and the Marlborough tradition to the foul Denikin. All capitalist statesmen are prisoners of capitalist circumstance, and that truism has rarely been better demonstrated than in *The President Makers.*

What then is missing in Josephson's adroit work? I am sorry to say, everything that matters. The refined study of Theodore Roosevelt is not such as a man impregnated with proletarian resolve could possibly have written. He does not bring into proper relief the terrible implications of Teddy's lynch remarks about Haywood, surely the lowest level attained by a President since John Adams. He does not emphasize the gory, sadistic side of the great President when he gloated in the blood of the martyrs of the Paris Commune and wished that fate for workers here. Why did Teddy so hideously libel the memory of Tom Paine? What was back of his insolent racism, his passion for the most vulgar imperialism, without even the Cæsarian glow of Cecil Rhodes or the philosophical dithyrambs of Seeley? Why did his murderous speech on Haywood precede his craven surrender to Wall Street on the Tennessee Coal and Iron acquisition, the most polluted use ever made of the White House? What a lout! This flamboyant bluffer, who never had the guts of the meanest of men against the rich he blustered about, who even lacked the grace of a tired cop toward the wretched Crainquebilles of this world, why does this low fellow deserve such delicate psychic portraiture? Because "fairness" is a bourgeois historical passion. But we have heard the Isaiah thunders of Lenin, rolling with the majesty of a rising class, as he lightened pictures of these wretches, a thousand times truer than the so-called objective science of rootless scholarship.

From the pages of Debs, from the mighty prophecy of Jack London in *The Iron Heel* one can see the President makers for what they sought, and their designees in the White House for what they were. Not the futile struggles of the Crolys and the Houses, not the fatigued splendors of a John Hay, but the twenty million sacrificed immigrants, the rise of a militant proletariat, the vivid criticism of Socialists pushed against the society in which the rich gibbered of revolution, the suspicious middle class turned to the sturdy La Follette, and where Debs strode the proletarian world like a Colossus. From the current set up by the dynamo of the proletariat, light was communicated to such fiery Single Taxers as Louis F. Post (so much more significant than that vulgarizer of radicalism, Tom L. Johnson), and power to the great Wobbly revolt of the wholly disinherited, and the cleansing broom of Lincoln Steffens. The manner in which the generous impulses so given were converted into gentility by Woodrow Wilson should have been made a demonstration that all ideologies and passions, when adapted to the interests of a capitalist class, deceive the hopes of honest men, and lead to disillusion and cynicism, and ultimately to despair, and these in turn to the open, brutal control of the state by the plutocracy.

Had the story from 1896 to 1919 been cast in that mold, had the true role of liberal ideas (in their Protean variations at the service of a class) been shown, had the driving force of labor and the correlative fear of its impact been the source of the political descriptions, then instead of the exquisite book of a conscientious scholar we should have had the history of the President makers, as they, in their turn, were driven by their objective situation. Matthew Josephson has given us luscious fruit, but, alas without seed.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

Modern Fables

THE CAT'S CRADLE-BOOK, *by Sylvia Townsend Warner. Illustrated by Bertram Hartman. Viking Press. $2.50.*

SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER has written a book of fables in the classic vein. Each of these charming stories contains a barb of satire, and in the exquisitely written narratives, so simple that they can be enjoyed by children, the facts of modern life are condensed. "You see, these stories are not merely works of art, they are nursery tales and education," says someone in the introduction. Through tales such as these, children of every society have absorbed prudential wisdom.

Miss Warner's wisdom is modern, and for us. Only our generation could appreciate the fable of the wealthy magpie's bequest, a fund for indigent cats. The recipients of relief mice, it is carefully stipulated, must be truly indigent—it will not do to reinforce the energies of still vigorous cats, but it is necessary to avert the dangerous desperation of the starving. The rest of the story describes perfectly the character of capitalist charity. For us, too, is the ironic "The Two Mothers," which recounts the bereavements of a wildcat and an ewe, one caused by a polecat, the other by the royal butcher. To convert the apologue, translate "polecat" as petty gangster and "butcher" as imperialist war. "The ewe drew herself up. 'Your children are killed by a common low polecat. Mine are taken by the eagle which is king of Birds or the Butcher, who is a man and Lord of Creation. Such deaths are splendid and honorable.'"

When stories such as these are written with the slyness of phrase, the felicity of descriptive double-talk which is Sylvia Townsend Warner's, the result is a little burr of a book that is not easy to brush off. Flaubert once wrote a short story in the form of a medieval saint's life, "The Legend of St. Julian the Hospitaler." With [illegible] Flaubert's precision of "period" detail, [illegible]y remains cold, even a little repulsive [illegible] simulation of the piety

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of another age. But read Miss Warner's story of the fox "who had been reading the *Lives of the Saints* and was so delighted with the style of the book that he decided to become a saint himself." Or if you think that modern animal stories must be of the Kipling type, study that parable of humble labor, "The Donkey's Providence." Even an old fashioned fairy tale peers at us from these pages as a lively account of the Radical Socialist baker who overworks his daughter when he becomes the servant of the castle.

Tolstoy once wrote that "the artist of the future will understand that to compose a fairy tale, a touching little song, a lullaby, an entertaining riddle, an amusing jest, or to draw a sketch which will delight dozens of generations or millions of children and adults is incomparably more important and more fruitful than to compose a novel or a symphony or paint a picture which will divert some member of the wealthy class for a short time and then be forever forgotten." Perhaps we should not be so ponderous about this little gift book. But it is true that Miss Warner can write these stories precisely because her vision of her age is clear—as was the vision of that remote fablist, Aesop.

MILLICENT LANG.

Whose Pocketbook?

THIS WAR AND YOUR POCKETBOOK, *by L. Seth Schnitman. Vanguard Press. $1.*

THERE is some very sound advice in this book. For any family with an income upwards of $3,000 a year, with another $3,000 or more in savings, there are warnings and suggestions which deserve heeding. But such families represent less than 10 percent of the population. The other 90 percent cannot do much with this expert guidance.

Yet this is a valuable book from some aspects which will be, I'm afraid, rather unexpected for the author. Mr. Schnitman once occupied an important post in the Department of Commerce and is now, we are told, "consulting economist to leading corporations." It is not surprising to find him upholding the reactionary positions of the anti-relief, anti-labor coterie. And the fact is that he has very little idea why things are what they are. But there is here some plain speaking, the kind which Willkie and Roosevelt carefully avoid. Inflation is *of course* to be expected. The author indicates that savings in the bank will be worth less, your dollar will buy less, you will have even less to fall back on than you thought. Your life insurance has fixed benefits. Borrow to the limit on your policies and invest in second grade railroad bonds and certain common stocks. He frowns upon endowments and annuities.

Mr. Schnitman seems to have no more idea of why there is so much money unused in the banks than Stuart Chase. But he sees the low interest rates and the inflationary forces at play and draws the accurate conclusion that wise money will pull out of prime corporate bonds and long term US Treasury issues, and invest in stocks and bonds where the rise in commodity prices will increase the chances of a profit on the principal as well as juicy yields. Especially is this course to be followed when the war spreads, and most particularly when the United States is becoming more and more embroiled in it.

As for real estate, if you own a house free and clear, raise a big mortgage on it and invest in other houses. There will be a real estate boom along right soon. But sell while they're still buying, because values are bound to collapse with the deflation that will follow, and since somebody must get stung, make sure it is not you. If you rent an apartment, sign the unsuspecting landlord up to a long term lease stipulating annual redecorating and no increase just because taxes go up—as they will. If you are a landlord, then of course you must insist on short term leases, and if your tenant must have a five-year lease see to it that he is committed to paying the increase in taxes.

To read this book is to realize how callous and unsympathetic we are to the problems of the rich. Here they are, overstuffed with money, beset with a thousand fears, advised to dump gold trimmed securities for speculative ones, urged to remember that "there comes a time when almost anything is preferable to money." Naturally in guidebooks such as this one the author is not concerned with the worker whose dollars will buy less as prices rise, nor the farmer who in *this* war will have to sell his products at low prices and buy everything he needs at mounting prices. But then . . . workers and farmers never did profit from war.

FRANK J. WALLACE.

Austrian Fascism

THE DEFENDERS, *by Franz Hoellering. Little, Brown & Co. $2.75.*

FRANZ HOELLERING was a well known editor in pre-Hitler Germany. Coming from Vienna and having been a theater manager, he brought with him the light charm of the Viennese *feuilleton* style—the gracious talk of great and little things, the laughter about stiff seriousness and cold formality, the spirit of "fun with a bit of sentimentality," the waltz and wine mood of Grinzing. All these qualities of style are found in Hoellering's first novel, *The Defenders*. They make the book very readable but they also give it a certain superficiality, a glamour that is too glamorous to be quite true.

The action of Hoellering's novel takes place in Austria in that fateful February 1934, when the Austrian brand of fascism, the Catholic *Heimwehr* fascism of Dollfuss and Schuschnigg, destroyed the only force which was able to preserve Austrian independence against the growing danger of Hitlerism. This is the love story of Maria Steiger, daughter of a wealthy scientist and wife of a rich aristocratic ex-diplomat, and Karl Merk, a young Social Democrat, member of the "Defense Corps." Maria tries to live her life outside the "ugly political struggles" but

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being a child of our times she cannot succeed. She and her lover are thrown into the storm of events. Karl is killed in the battle between the Dollfuss fascists and the workers of Vienna. Though Maria is shattered by the death of her lover, she realizes that she cannot live in an ivory tower and that she has to bear her share of the burden of moral and political responsibility.

This sounds very well, but Hoellering omits two basic things. First, he does not make clear which way Maria intends to go and how well prepared she is to face the responsibility she sees before her. And secondly, Hoellering does not explain why workers, the defenders of progress and human dignity, fail temporarily in their struggle. Had he done this, had he shown how the capitulations of the Otto Bauers and Karl Renners (Austrian synonyms for the Germans, Stampfer and Wells, or the Czechs, Benes and Hampl, or the Spaniards, Besteiro and Prieto, or the Frenchmen, Blum and Paul Faure) led to fascism, Maria's tasks would have been clear.

There is another novel dealing with the same period and struggle, Anna Seghers' *The Path Through February*. Here readers would find the more complete story. Unfortunately Miss Seghers' novel has not been translated into English. And we cannot content ourselves with *The Defenders*. The author has ignored certain fundamental aspects of his theme with the result that important sections of the novel are handled only superficially.

O. T. K. RING.

Southern Folklore

GOD BLESS THE DEVIL, *by James R. Aswell, Julia Willhoit, Jennette Edwards, E. E. Miller, Lena E. Lipscomb of the Tennessee Writers' Project. With Illustrations by Ann Kelley of the Tennessee Art Project. University of North Carolina Press. $2.*

HERE are twenty-five pieces of folklore, taken down with careful attention to the idiom and speech patterns of native Tennesseans so that the tales retain a flavor of their spoken originals which most such collections lack. The stories are excellent; when read carefully they offer not only belly-laugh humor, but tell us much about Tennessee and the American past. This book is another example of the fine work being done by what remains of the Federal Writers Projects.

RALPH ELLISON.

John Heliker

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SIGHTS AND SOUNDS

Chaplin's Greatest Picture

"The Great Dictator" even tops "Modern Times." Why the critics squirm. He saw fascism not only in Berlin but also in Dearborn and Jersey City.

WHAT you will want to know from me is whether Charlie Chaplin, in his hatred for the Nazi regime, has made a picture which will give comfort to the rulers of Great Britain who once tried unsuccessfully to give him a knighthood. The answer is no. *The Great Dictator* is an appeal to reason, moving, honest, and appropriate to the times we live in. It is a climax to a great career.

At the start of the picture Chaplin is a private soldier in the last war to make the world safe for men who were to come later, men like the great dictator Adenoid Hynkel. He is not a good soldier. He is confused by the complicated mechanism of anti-aircraft guns, he drops a hand grenade down his sleeve after pulling the pin, he loses his way in a smoke screen, and calls out plaintively, "Captain, Captain!" However, he means well. Almost twenty-five years ago, in *Shoulder Arms,* Chaplin also made fun of war. My recollection of *Shoulder Arms* when it was first issued is dim. But I laughed like hell when it was revived in the early years after the Armistice. By that time Chaplin's screen character was familiar to approximately one-third of mankind, and what he thought about war and the social system was important. From the earliest days, in his portrayal of the ordinary citizen who is not wanted by a capitalist civilization which regularly beats him up, puts him in jail, gives him hard jobs and immediately takes them away, and usually in the end, denies him the Girl, Chaplin was an instinctively revolutionary artist.

Chaplin is the only Hollywood artist who is powerful enough to say what he wants to on the screen. There are Hollywood directors who would like to make social pictures, but they can't because their producers have their noses buried in a bankbook; writers and actors who would like to cooperate on social pictures but can't because of their directors. Charlie Chaplin is writer, actor, and director in one. And it's his own money. In 1915, when he was getting paid $1,000 a week, he sometimes carried $10,000 around in his pants pocket, but he saved most of it so that some day he could tell people, from the screen, what he thought. In *Modern Times,* his last picture before *The Great Dictator,* he was caught in the speedup of American industry, which he plainly said he hated, and esthetes who for twenty years had been pondering the perfection of Chaplin's art—it is perfect, all right—didn't like it. I am afraid they won't like *The Great Dictator* either.

In the first place, it is full of propaganda. At the end of the picture Chaplin speaks from the screen to the hundreds of millions of people in all parts of the world who, since they were children, have loved him. Esthetes and movie critics do not like propaganda speeches unless they are concealed in musical comedies about the gay life led by Dick Powell in the American navy. Confronted by this speech of Chaplin's they were uneasy. Kate Cameron of the *Daily News,* for instance, got the advice of its publisher, who is also her brother-in-law, before she wrote: "Chaplin wags a frightening finger at the audience, while he shouts in an hysterical voice that we must fight and fight and fight. Among the things we must fight for, says he, is the abolition of national boundaries. And if that isn't Communistic propaganda the intentions of the Stalinites have been greatly misunderstood. . . ." Eileen Creelman, shaking her head mournfully in the *Sun,* said: "It is a stirring speech but a depressing note on which to close a film which might have put Chaplin back in his old place as a top comedian of the screen." "This creed is expressed in a confused manner," said the *World-Telegram* flatly. The *Herald Tribune:*

THE BARBER. *Charlie Chaplin handles a broom thoughtfully before he becomes "The Great Dictator."*

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AUTOGRAPHED BY RUTH McKENNEY

"The McKenneys Carry On"

The editor and columnist of NEW MASSES, author of "Industrial Valley" and "My Sister Eileen," continues the heady goings-on of the McKenneys in a book that beggars, or rather staggers, description. It is definitely not a problem novel. Obviously, it's not a travel book. Nobody in it gets very much further than Ohio, New York, and Connecticut. Then again this book cannot be recommended for self-improvement. Nobody will ever learn how to read another book from the pages of this one.

Possibly this is a negative approach. Now that all misconceptions have been cleared up, we may state freely and frankly that "The McKenneys Carry On" is a record of two young ladies from Ohio and how they grew, complete with assorted catastrophes and plenty of trouble.

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"In turning to outright propaganda I believe it sacrifices a large measure of its artistry. . . ."

Let us leave the critics squirming for the time being. By now you probably know what Chaplin said. It is not Communist propaganda, and people who make that charge reveal the curious limitations of their minds. Two years ago, when it was not respectable to be an anti-Nazi, the whole picture would have been described as Communist propaganda, but now the *Daily News* singles out one speech, in which Chaplin pleads for tolerance. Other people besides the Communists are opposed to anti-Semitism.

Chaplin came to make the disputed speech as follows: Despite the fact that the dictator of Tomania and the Jewish barber in the Tomanian ghetto are both played by Chaplin, they do not really resemble each other. There is just enough similarity for the dictator's bodyguard to mistake the barber, fleeing from a concentration camp in an officer's uniform, for Adenoid Hynkel. Hynkel's army has just conquered a neighboring country, so the barber stands up before half a million people and begins to speak. Technically, it is a superb scene. The camera remains focused on Chaplin's face without darting around in the usual way from close-up to medium and long shot, and with no cutting to the faces of his audience registering delight and astonishment. The audience, accustomed to the Hynkel style of oratory, must have been astonished. He declares that he doesn't want to fight anybody, that he wants peace, that he believes men of all races are equal. I think that at the beginning of this speech, when he assailed the Nazis as machine men and urged the soldiers listening to him not to obey their officers, that many of the socially prominent New Yorkers attending the opening may have hoped that Chaplin, incomparably the greatest actor in the world, was going to provide the rulers of England with some war aims, which the rulers of England had not yet been able to provide of their own accord. Then Chaplin went on to urge the people of the world, listening to him on a world-wide radio hookup, to unite with the German soldiers to overthrow a system based on greed and intolerance, a system in which greedy persons, for their own gain, could force ordinary people of one nation to kill ordinary people of another. Those are the war aims of the people of the world, but they are not the war aims of the rulers of Germany, England, and America.

Chaplin's performance as the great dictator Hynkel is astounding. He makes him comic, and at the same time despicable. He imitates German oratory almost as well as Art Young, and the dictator's public addresses are wildly funny burlesques of fascist demagogy as well as a startling contrast to the sincere and quietly dignified way of speaking of the Jewish barber. As you know, Hynkel has his secretary summoned by bugler and takes approximately three seconds to pose for his portrait while waiting for her to come in. It is not too much to say that no one but Chaplin, not even Adolf Hitler, could have taken this part.

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GOINGS ON

LOUIS BUDENZ, Member of the editorial board of the Daily Worker, speaks on: "**WHAT'S AHEAD FOR LABOR? THE STAND OF JOHN L. LEWIS, AND OF THE GREENS, WOLLS, HILLMANS.**" **SATURDAY,** 2:30 P. M., October 26, Workers School, 50 East 13 Street, Second Floor. Admission 25 cents.

ALFRED GOLDSTEIN, popular political analyst, reviews **THE NEWS OF THE WEEK** every **SUNDAY EVENING** at Workers School, 2nd floor, 50 East 13 Street. Admission 25c.

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For years the reactionary press has been describing Hynkel as an irresponsible lunatic who, through an unfortunate set of circumstances, is in a position to indulge his mad desire to rule the world. This is also Chaplin's interpretation. He has fits of hysteria, he laughs inanely, he dashes off runs on the piano, and at one point, when he is at his maddest, he does a stately dance with a large balloon representing a map of the globe and cries uncontrollably when it breaks. But he quickly recovers sanity when it is a question of shooting strikers, negotiating a foreign loan, or organizing a pogrom to distract the public's attention from the cost of living. All this is done with a complete lack of pretentiousness. He is never too busy impersonating Hynkel to fall down a flight of stairs and have a furious dispute with his air minister about whether he fell or was pushed. When anyone leans over, he does not refrain from giving him a kick in the pants, and when you see a custard pie on the set you look around for the prospective victim. The picture is full of marvelous corny gags, and there are whole sequences which might have appeared in Chaplin's early movies. It is a very funny picture. It is also very serious. Instead of being slapped down by Keystone cops, Charlie is slapped down by storm troopers, which makes a difference.

There are a hundred other things in *The Great Dictator* which ought to be mentioned. The supporting cast is fine, especially Jack Oakie as Napolini and Paulette Goddard as the Girl. So far as I know, I am the only person who has always thought Jack Oakie was a great actor. As Napolini, he is superb. The one part of the picture which seems dated is the first scene between Chaplin and Oakie. Everyone knows now that Mussolini jumps when Hitler snaps his fingers, but in *The Great Dictator,* Hynkel is cowed by Napolini and a little nervous about Napolini's army. The sets are magnificent. It is Hollywood's first picture about Germany which does not look as though it was shot on a sound stage.

I leave it to you to decide when you see *The Great Dictator* what quality of artistry has prevented it from becoming a new *Beast of Berlin.* I think it was Chaplin's perception that anti-Semitism and fascism are not confined to one country in Central Europe, but are a product of the fascist type of mentality everywhere. Chaplin knows that anti-Semitism flourishes in the factory in *Modern Times* as well as in Tomania, and there are many things in *The Great Dictator* which will remind you of Dearborn and Jersey City.

I remember once seeing a disgraceful Nazi book entitled *Jew Look at You,* after an animal book then popular in Germany—*Animal Look at You.* In it, I remember, the first picture was of the Pope, whose grandfather, said the caption, was "really a Jew named Littman." The second picture was of Charlie Chaplin. One of the reasons I am sorry for the people in Nazi-occupied Europe is that until they take the advice of the down-trodden Jewish barber, they will not have a chance to see *The Great Dictator,* which is Charlie Chaplin's response.

DANIEL TODD.

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WE TAKE A POLL

Simon W. Gerson needs no introduction to the best part of America. His article on the LaGuardia administration last week drew columns of comment in the country's press, and his report on the Pittsburgh trial in the current issue is being distributed by the thousands in that area.

The editors are happy to announce that Mr. Gerson is now on tour for NEW MASSES. During these crucial days he will conduct a poll for this magazine in the most decisive areas of the nation.

Next week's article will deal with the coal and iron country of western Pennsylvania, typical of the industrial East. The following article will deal with the Middle West.

He will not ask the loaded questions of Dr. Gallup; he will talk to the real America, to the workingman and the farmer, to the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker. How do they feel about the war? About FDR's policies? About Willkie? About the bread and butter questions of the day? He will portray the life of America as it is—not as it is lived in the New York *Times*.

Follow Mr. Gerson in his tour across the America of Autumn 1940.

READ NEW MASSES FOR THE TRUTH BEHIND THE HEADLINES

(Please turn to page 31)

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